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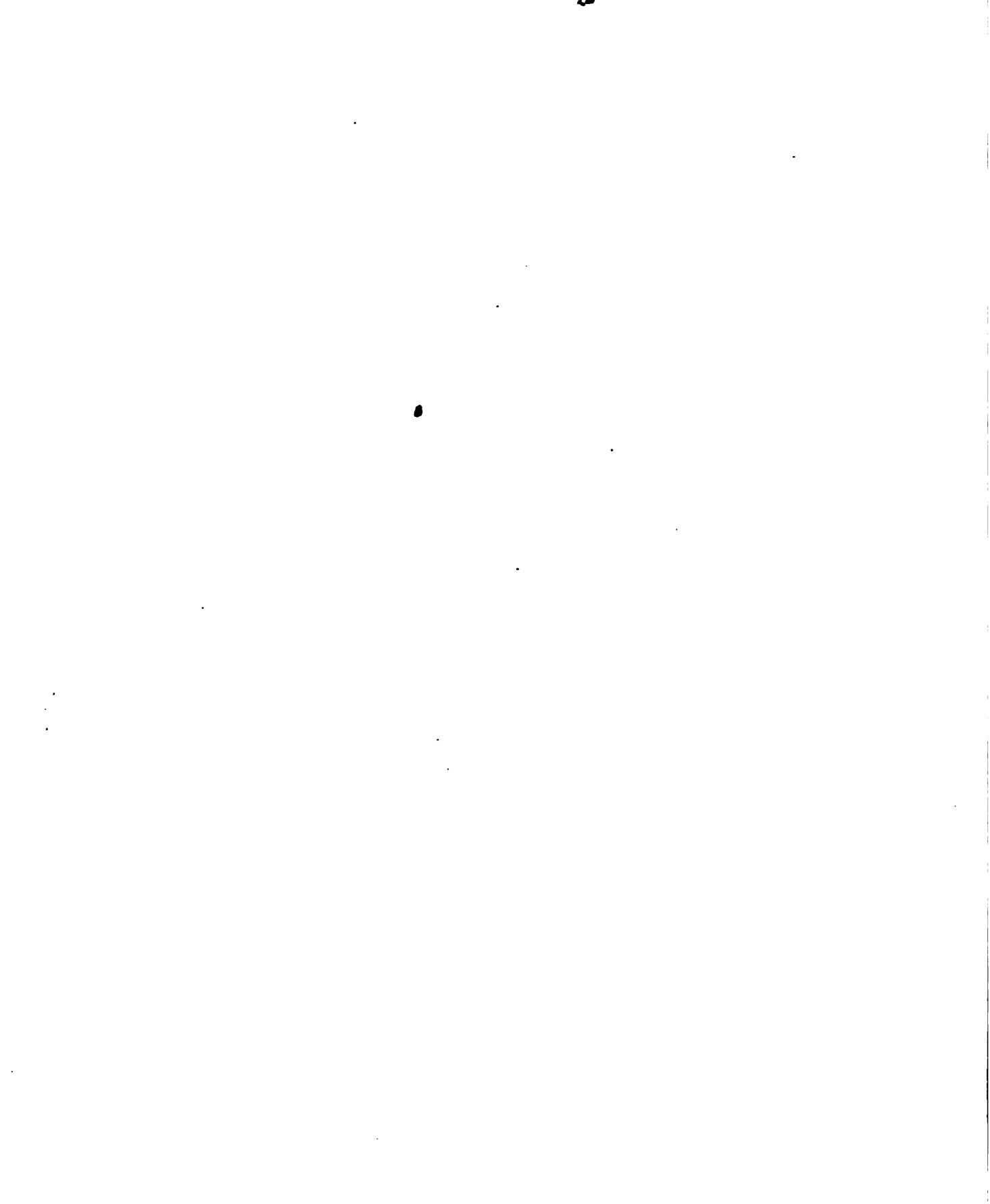
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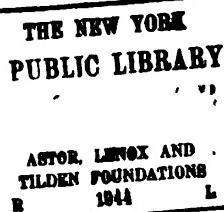








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# The Author

John Galt

Editor

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## THAT IS CALLED PATMOS

73

By  
WILLIAM EDGAR GEIL

"I John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ"—Rev. 1:9.

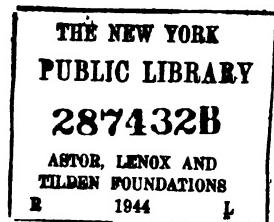
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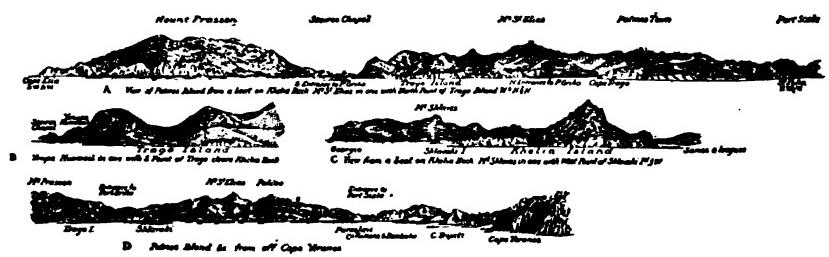
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## CHAPTER TABLE

---

I. A TRIP TO PATMOS . . . . .	1
II. THE MONASTERY OF ST. JOHN. . . . .	21
III. PERSECUTIONS. . . . .	51
IV. JOHN AND THE REVELATION. . . . .	59
V. THE GEOGRAPHY OF PATMOS. . . . .	67
VI. GEORGIRENE'S DESCRIPTION OF PATMOS. . . . .	79
VII. ST. JOHN'S VISIT TO PATMOS. . . . .	87
VIII. PATMOS IN CLASSIC HISTORY. . . . .	95
IX. THE RE-INHABITING OF THE ISLAND. . . . .	101
X. THE FEMALE MONASTERY. . . . .	107
XI. HOME LIFE ON PATMOS. . . . .	117
XII. MOUNT ST. ELIAS. . . . .	133
XIII. PROCHORUS. . . . .	143
XIV. HERMITS OF PATMOS. . . . .	157
XV. THE MONASTERY OF THE APOCALYPSE. . . . .	171
XVI. A MEDITATION. . . . .	183



## VARIOUS VIEWS OF PATMOS

## CHAPTER CONTENTS

I. A TRIP TO PATMOS . . . . .	I
Smyrna—Foul anchor—Story telling on deck—Armenian outrages—The man who was not dead—Emerson's tale of adventure on Scio—The broken sabre—“A war waged for a bride”—Scala Nova, port of Ephesus—Bird Island—The first-class (?) cabin—Horned passengers—Night on the Aegean—The morning—Patmos ! !—Emotions—Monopolies on Patmos—Landing—Evangelos, the doctor's son—The donkey ride up to Patmos-town—Visit to the superior—Rakki—The suite of rooms.	
II. THE MONASTERY OF ST. JOHN. . . . .	21
(a) GENERAL SKETCH : Eleven churches in the great cloister—Three hundred and sixty-four churches on the island—Pasha of Rhodes. (b) MONASTERY BELLS : Semandrons—Special grace of Mufti of Constantinople—The empty cage. (c) THE MONASTERY LIBRARY : Size—Eighteen hundred Byzantine bound books—Two hundred and forty ancient manuscripts—Gospels of fifth century—Book of Job—Four Golden Bulls—Red ink for emperors—The golden book—The white book—Bishop Newman's signature—The Book of Life. (d) TREASURIES : Rich vestments—Catharine II. of Russia and the Pectoral Cross—Part of Calvary's cross. (e) SAINT CHRISTODOULOS, THE FOUNDER OF THE MONASTERY : Birth and matrimonial romance—Flight from brigands and desert Arabs—The great golden bull—Fifty workmen land on the island—Their scheme for flight—Women finally permitted to come—Death in Eubœa. RULES FOR MONKS. (f) RELICS : Saint Thomas photographed—Grasshopper chase—Magic perfume—The rainmakers—Difficult religious service of St. Jacob of Persia.	
III. PERSECUTIONS. . . . .	51
PERSECUTIONS : The golden house torches—Aristarchus—Trophimus—Time of St. John—Jerusalem destroyed—Stephen—James—Philip—Matthew—Mark—Andrew—Peter—Paul—Bartholomew—And other murders—Domitian—The live text.	
IV. JOHN AND THE REVELATION. . . . .	59
Amid the Sevens—Mighty Spirit-control of writer, John—Inspiration—Dean Stanley.	

V. THE GEOGRAPHY OF PATMOS . . . . .	67
Homer—Various names, Patmos, Patino, and Palmos—Bochart—Size—Shape—Capes—Mountains—Harbors—Like Scottish scenery—Mount of the Acropolis—Small islands—Fauna—Flora.	
VI. GEORGIRENE'S DESCRIPTION OF PATMOS. . . . .	79
Strange dedication—The Apocalyptic fig tree, etc.	
VII. ST. JOHN'S VISIT TO PATMOS. . . . .	87
Pen-preaching—Leaving Ephesus—Stalker—Old Disciples—Dr. Salmard—Cato—Plutarch—Spelman—General Fairfax—Colbert—Tellier—Gladstone.	
VIII. PATMOS IN CLASSIC HISTORY. . . . .	95
Thucydides—Strabo—Pliny—Prison Island of Rhodes.	
IX. THE RE-INHABITING OF THE ISLAND. . . . .	101
Orestes, 520 B. C.—Carienes—“Isles of the Gentiles”—Amazons—Christodoulos	
X. THE FEMALE MONASTERY. . . . .	107
Woman's Monastery—Forty nuns in black—Visiting the cloister—The merchant nun of the Isle—Couch coverings—Towels—Patmos ladies kiss Christodoulos—The doctor's mishap—No steeples—Two women's schools	
XI. HOME LIFE ON PATMOS. . . . .	117
Munkacsy's bronze bust—Janko and the Patmoite costume—Dinner with Dr. Yohannithes of Patmos, and how it was done—One piano on the island—Children and their game—Photographing windmills—“Five and one-half horses.” Cemeteries of Patmos—Egypt—Charnel houses—The fast young men and the bones—Vigil night—Strange grave. THE SUMMER RESORT OF PATMOS: The excursion—Swimming in the Dead Sea—Egyptians summer here—Legend of St. John's cup of poison and the serpent—PARADISE OF PATMOS: Sekamina Bay—The beautiful semi-circular cove toward the west—The Garden of the saint—Miracle of Osios Christodoulos—The only spring—Watering the triangular garden with the foot—The trees.	
XII. MOUNT ST. ELIAS. . . . .	133
Highest point on Patmos a cross—Elijah the mountain prophet—Mejidi—Sign of the cross—Mount Kynops—Entertained in the highest room on the island—Weird sounds—Visions of the priest of the mountains—Odessa and the silver lamps—The convent bell and flag—The four most entrancing views in the world.	

*CHAPTER CONTENTS*

ix

## XIII. PROCHORUS . . . . . 143

The famous parchment—The journey of St. John the theologian—Casting lots—Banishment—Conversions on Patmos—Governor's wife—Magician Kynops—His miracles and tragic death—St. John mobbed by the inhabitants—The devil of Patmos—Spirits boiling pitch—The author's effort to visit the tar extract works—The old man's warm night—Pizarro—Death and blindness and insanity come to those who approach the dark cavern of Kynops—The "Old Salt" afraid to pilot me to the devil's residence—Brimstone—Petrified Kynops—Water turned into blood—John baptizing converts—How the Gospel of John was written on Patmos—The death and burial and ascension of St. John—Visit of the Prince of Wales to Ephesus.

## XIV. HERMITS OF PATMOS . . . . . 157

A female hermit—Lepers' church—Island of Tragos—M. Guerin's visit with a hermit—John Cassian—Theostestos the present hermit of Patmos—Description—Dwells in the ruins of the college of Patmos—Cures lunacy—The skull with the black cross—The midnight orisons.

## XV. THE MONASTERY OF THE APOCALYPSE . . . . . 171

The monk's highway—Famous College of Patmos—The four churches of the Monastery of the Apocalypse—Description of the grotto where St. John is said to have written the Revelation—Interesting details—Cross cut by St. John—Grand march of the monks on the eve of the day of St. John—Vigil in the cave of residence.

## XVI. A MEDITATION . . . . . 183

Patmos by night—The last of the three—The last threes—Cathedrals—Christ glorified—The descent from the cross—Final advice to the reader.



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

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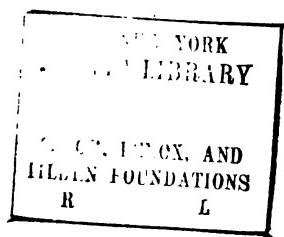
I. AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
II. VARIOUS VIEWS OF PATMOS . . . . .	vi
III. MONASTERY OF THE APOCALYPSE . . . . .	3
IV. MAP OF PATMOS . . . . .	14
V. PORT OF LA SCALA . . . . .	16
VI. A PATMOS KILN . . . . .	18
VII. A GATE IN THE ANCIENT WALL OF PATMOS-TOWN . . . . .	19
VIII. VIEWS . . . . .	20
IX. MONASTERY OF ST. JOHN . . . . .	24
X. MONKS OF ST. JOHN . . . . .	37
XI. MONKS OF THE ISLE, AND THE SKULL OF ST. THOMAS . . . . .	40
XII. MAP OF TWO PRINCIPAL PORTS . . . . .	70
XIII. A THRESHING FLOOR . . . . .	72
XIV. THE HARBOR OF LA SCALA . . . . .	74
XV. A PATMOS LANDSCAPE . . . . .	77
XVI. PATMOS FABRICS . . . . .	111
XVII. TWO CHURCHES . . . . .	113
XVIII. PATMOS WATER JUGS . . . . .	120
XIX. THE PHYSICIAN OF PATMOS AND HIS FAMILY . . . . .	123
XX. A POOR MAN'S GRAVE . . . . .	126
XXI. THE SUMMER RESORT OF PATMOS . . . . .	128

*LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS*

XXII. THE BEAUTIFUL SEKAMINA BAY . . . . .	130
XXIII. THE MONK'S GARDEN . . . . .	131
XXIV. MONASTERY OF ST. ELIAS . . . . .	136
XXV. DOME OF THE MONASTERY OF ST. ELIAS . . . . .	138
XXVI. Mt. KYNOPS . . . . .	148
XXVII. MELOYI BAY . . . . .	162
XXVIII. HAND-WROUGHT SPOON MADE BY THEOSTESTOS . . . . .	168
XXIX. STREET SCENE IN LA SCALA . . . . .	173
XXX. MONASTERY OF THE APOCALYPSE . . . . .	176
XXXI. CHAPEL OF ST. ANNE . . . . .	179
XXXII. PATMOS CHILDREN AT THE ANCIENT WELL . . . . .	186

## A TRIP TO PATMOS





MONASTERY OF THE APOCALYPSE.      RUINS OF THE COLLEGE OF PATMOS.

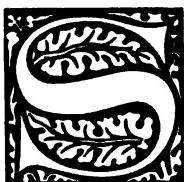


## THE ISLE THAT IS CALLED PATMOS

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### I

#### A TRIP TO PATMOS



T. JOHN saw Palestine, Ephesus, and Smyrna, before he lifted up his eyes and looked on the prison island of Patmos. Probably it was just eighteen centuries afterward, for it was Tuesday, July 14, that the writer, after having visited Mt. Nebo, in the Land of Moab; Hebron of water-skin and Abrahamic fame; the pools of Solomon and their myriads of green-backed bull-frogs; Bethlehem, the City of David; Jericho and Bethany; Mt. Calvary, without the city wall, with the old graves on its summit and a shepherd tending his sheep; Cana, Nazareth, and the beautiful Galilean Sea; Damascus, the oldest city on the planet, and the Lebanon railroad, with its cog-wheel device; the fair spot on the Beirut mountains where the magnificent Syrian gambling house is being erected; Rhodes, Cyprus, and Smyrna—took his way with Mr. McN—, an American missionary, as companion, *en route* to St. John's place of banishment. After much deliberation as to whether I ought to tell the simple story of my journey, or use big words and arrange in more scientific form the tale of my

visit to Patmos, I have decided that, as the masses of the people are to be the readers of this book, my narrative shall be related simply, and in it shall be told the incidents of the journey. The clock pointed to 5 p. m., when we boarded a small Greek steamer lying by the wharf at Smyrna. There was nothing especially to brag about concerning this craft (except its filthy condition), but it must be recollected that only in most recent times has there been aught but a sailing vessel. Mr. J. T. Bent found no steamship going that way in 1887. The Marquis of Bute had steam, but it was his own beautiful private yacht. So we held ourselves thankful for steam craft of any kind. We left the wharf late, for our boat had a foul anchor which could not be heaved. In coming in she had cast her shank too far out, and an English ship's huge sheet anchor had fallen across our chain. After pulling and hauling and whistling and—well, I am glad to say I did not hear swearing, which may have been due to the religious scruples of the young captain, or to the fact that modern Greek was Greek to me—finally, after having shouted his order in English down a tube to the engineer's room, he let the chain go and headed out to sea.

Now behold the "Crown of Ionia," "the flower of the Levant," "the queen city of the East." Smyrna is beautiful, lying from the water's edge up to the solitary cypress tree which, like a lone sentinel, keeps watch beside the grave of "the angel of the church at Smyrna," Polycarp.

Fortunately we had provided a large basketful of excellent eatables, and getting hot water from the cook (?) we had tea. The boiling water and the whites of eyes appeared to me the only things clean aboard. Thence to the deck,

and in conversation passed pleasantly and spiritedly the time. Up came the Armenian question for discussion, and especially the most recent massacre of four hundred, some few weeks before. In the gathering gloom, on the deck of the little Greek steamer, I drew my coat together and buttoned it, and just as we passed between two lighthouses, a Canadian, who had been in Armenia and could speak truthfully, related this anecdote. Coincidence this, of telling tales of recent persecution while *en route* to the jail-rock of St. John's banishment.

"In the city not far from Van, the Turkish army, being in possession, had a guard of armed men at each of the gates. In the early morning, a company of Christian peasants who were bringing flour to barter for groceries and medicines for the sick ones at home, approached the south entrance to the town ; without any provocation whatever, except that which the presence of a follower of Christ gives to a wretched, bloodthirsty follower of the false prophet, Mohammed, the soldiers seeing that the farmers were not Moslems, fell upon them at once and brutally murdered them, killing (as they supposed) all the infidel-dogs, as Christians are wont to be called by the fanatical Turks. There was one man, whose name we omit for evident reasons, who was not dead, but lying as if he were. Of course all their things were stolen, even their clothes, and the dozen naked bodies, terribly lacerated, lay stiff by the roadside. A Turkish effendi, who chanced to be passing by, remarked : 'I question the propriety of having these nude bodies lying here, where many of both sexes will see them.' Thereupon a cart was sent for, and the man who had not

expired was thrown in first, the dead bodies on top of him. His head hung down, and sometimes the jolting wagon would strike this uppermost part of his body on the ground ; once, when he thought none would see him, he lifted his head a little to save a bump, when a soldier, thinking he saw him move, shouted to the driver, ‘The infidel isn’t dead ; better push him with a bayonet.’ The driver, fortunately thinking it a joke, remarked, ‘If he’s not dead now, he will be soon.’ Thus with loss of blood, and the bodies on top of him, and his head severely bruised, striking the ground, he was almost exhausted when the cart backed alongside of a bank, and the load was taken from it and flung down the steep grade, thence rolling on to the valley far beneath. The live man too was thrown for dead, and, like the corpses, he rolled down to the rivulet flowing in the bed of the ravine. A ring, or a little gold locket, which he carried fastened to a string about his neck, had not been stolen ; probably the soldiers were superstitious, and so let it remain. While he lay among the corpses two robbers came skulking up, and in the bright moonlight looked the bodies over, rolling them around rather roughly ; there was high glee when they saw the flash of gold on the neck of the supposed dead man. A thief seized it, and finding it fast started to prepare his knife, when the owner thought it time to act ; opening wildly his eyes and uttering a sepulchral scream, he grabbed for the fellow, who, thinking a man had risen from the dead or a ghost was after him, ran, as did his neighbor. They both decamped most precipitately. The poor, much-injured Armenian, without any garments on whatever, hastened to the house of a friend and gained admittance.” This narra-

tive is substantially correct, and affidavit can be made to that effect. A terrible tale, but this was only one of the lesser massacres.

In "Emerson's Letters," 1829 A. D., is the following story, which the victim herself related on the deck of a warship when passing the island of Scio, Ægean Sea. It is suggested by the tale told me, and also discovers to the mind that the Turks have not improved very much. If the digression is too severe for the reader, he may omit this weird and interesting tale of adventure.

"It was on the evening of the third day from the arrival of the Turkish admiral (at Scio), that the family of the wretched being who lived to tell the tale descried the flames that rose from the burning mansions of their friends, and heard, in the calm silence of twilight, the distant death scream of their butchered townsmen, while a few flying wretches, closely pursued by their infuriate murderers, told them but too truly of their impending fate. As one of the most important in the valley, their family was among the first marked out for murder, and ere they had a moment to think of precaution, a party of Turkish soldiers beset the house, which afforded but few resources for refuge or concealment.

"From a place of imperfect security the distracted Phrosine was an involuntary witness to the murder of her miserable sisters, aggravated by every insult and indignity suggested by brutality and crime, while her frantic mother was stabbed upon the lifeless corpses of her violated offspring. Satiated with plunder, the monsters left the house in search of further victims, while she crept from her hiding-place to

take a last farewell of her butchered parents, and fly for refuge to the mountains. She had scarcely dropped a tear over the immolated remains of all that was dear to her, and made a step toward the door, when she perceived a fresh party of demons already at the threshold. Too late to regain her place of refuge, death, with all its aggregated horrors, seemed now inevitable, till on the moment she adopted an expedient. She flew toward the heap of slaughter, smeared herself with the still oozing blood of her mother, and falling on her face beside her, she lay motionless as death.

"The Turks entered the apartment, but, finding their errand anticipated, were again departing, when one of them perceived a brilliant sparkling on the finger of Phrosine, and returned to secure it. He lifted the apparently lifeless hand and attempted to draw it off; it had, however, been too tightly worn; it was the gift of her affianced husband, and had tarried till it was now only to be withdrawn from the finger with an effort. The Turk, however, made but quick work. After in vain twisting her delicate hand in every direction to accomplish his purpose, he drew a knife from his girdle and commenced slicing off the flesh from the finger. This was the last she could remember. It was midnight when she awoke from the swoon into which her agony and her effort to conceal it had thrown her; when she lay cold and benumbed, surrounded by the dead forms of her last-loved friends.

"Necessity now armed her with energy; no time was left for consideration, and day would soon be breaking. She rose, and, still faint with terror and the loss of blood, flew to

a spot where the valuables of the house had been secured ; disposing of the most portable about her body, she took her way to the mountains. She pointed out to us the cliff where she had long lain concealed, and the distant track by which she had gained it, through a path at every step impeded by the dead or dying remains of her countrymen."

Several passengers had drawn their stools up, the better to hear the Canadian's story ; but they dared not make the severe remarks that one did, who was under the protection of the great republic of the West. We were now well started on story-telling. Those who did not understand English, had the stories translated into Turkish or Greek. While the fellows about us on the deck are making cigarettes, we will listen to another tale of war, which is also vouched for. Of course the story-telling held to that subject, because of the prevailing excitement. "I know a man," said an English-speaking resident of Asia, as he pulled his hat on tightly to resist the breeze which just then brushed the sea, "who was in Armenia during the foul murders. He told me of a Turkish sword, a piece of which was found in the residence of an Armenian priest. The Sultan's soldiers had killed the mass-sayer's two sons before their father's face, and then one of the armed men made a slash at the old man's head, but he lifted his arm ; and he continues to carry that arm in a sling. The mother's hand was cut nearly through, as she held it up to ward off the sword from her face. The blade struck between the thumb and first finger, and went down to the wrist. A daughter's arm was cut through the elbow to the hand, a terrible sabre gash."

My turn to tell a war story was at hand, and once again

I repeated the tale of Turkish taxation, and how the Druses of the Hauran refused to pay a levy equal to one-half the valuation of their cultivated land. Not taking the anecdote down verbatim on the Greek ship headed for Patmos, I quote it from my article in the "Christian Herald," entitled "A War Waged for a Bride."

"The new pasha did not try to force the collection of the tax, but fell in love with a beautiful Druse lady. He paid his respects to her quite frequently, and finally wanted to marry her; which simply meant that he had in mind a new inmate for his harem. She, knowing the uselessness of refusing, set the day as distant as possible, and at once notified the Druse chiefs. The wedding day arrived. The pasha sent a guard of honor of twenty-five cavalry to bring her to the palace. She refused. They laid hands on her, but suddenly rifle shots were heard, and the whole troop fell before the volley. When the general received the news he was mighty wroth, and swore by the Koran and the green flag of Islam that he would immediately punish the infidels, and ordered a regiment of eight hundred men and two cannon to do the work. The Koran forbids the use of intoxicating drinks, except just previous to a battle. The soldiers were served with liquors, and started with high glee to punish the men with rifle balls and the women by slavery. Well, the Druses were ready. Four hundred men made as if to charge the Turkish regiment; then they turned and ran. Orders were given to follow double-quick; the ambush was complete, the troops entered the trap. Quickly surrounded by the mountain hunters, eight hundred men lay dead—all who came, save two, and they were sent back to tell the pasha

that all who insult Druse women would share the same fate. This is the story given in confidence by a government official from the Hauran, and the account was heard by myself in Damascus."

We were now in sight of Scala Nova, Asia Minor, the modern port of Ephesus. My friend retired, I remaining on deck to enjoy what of landscape might be seen at night ; and what thoughts coursed through my brain ! Here shall be a quotation from my note-book, written on the spot.

"At anchor, Scala Nova, Asia. 'Tis nearly 10 P. M. I have seen a hippopotamus lying with its back only above the water ; so Bird Island lies like some huge monster, a dark mass against a moonless sky, and reminds me of those descriptive lines which the pen of mighty Milton traced on paper :

In bulk as huge  
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,  
Titanian, or earth-born, that warred on Jove,  
Briareus, or Typhon, whom the dew  
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast  
Leviathan, which God of all his works  
Created hugest that swam the ocean stream :  
Him, haply slumbering on the Norway foam,  
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff  
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,  
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind  
Moored by his side under the lea, while night  
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays."

Thus Bird Island seems to sleep at night upon the summer sea. The ancient fortifications are hardly visible ; only a light streak tells where they are. A gleam flashes from the

dark bulk, a warning or an invitation across the waves. The village lies from the bay up against the mountain side. In an oil painting of even a prairie landscape, the sky line is half-way up the frame; but here it is in reality, the farther portion of the town being near the summit of the hill. The lights of the village seem to blend into the lights of the sky. It is not easy to tell where lamps end and stars begin; where earth ceases and sky towers onward, upward. Black spots come and go between the ship and the shore. The mountain side is growing darker as one by one the lights are extinguished, the people retiring for the night. And thus the city is retiring from view, leaving, if all the candles be snuffed, but a black mass of mountain against a star-lit midsummer's night sky. It compels me to think that it was thus with the greatness and glory of Ephesus. How one by one its lights of commerce, culture, and religion disappeared, until now there is but the dark heap of ruins, black against the mountains of the past. The ship's whistle startles as with marvelous echo it rolls over the water to the shore, and then up the mountain, and then from hill to hill, finally dying away amid the wreck of the once fair Temple of Diana, causing one to meditate on how the proud city is now but an echo of a power and attraction once sufficient to call the merchandise and commerce of the world to her shore and ships.

One light continues bright and steady; it is in the light-house on Bird Island. The milky-way sweeps down to the middle of the village. A great rattle of chains; anchor up; helm hard a-port; we head for Samos, across the Ægean Sea to Patmos, taking much the same route that St. John must

have taken. It was then the bewitching time of night; but being anxious to have an early look at "The isle that is called Patmos," I descended to the solitary first-class (?) cabin. Two berths were arranged, one above the other; thus two sides of the room were used for sleeping accommodations. After reading the first chapter of Revelation, and kneeling to thank God for blessings bestowed, I climbed into the upper shelflike bed. My friend was in the berth beneath me. Two Frenchmen occupied the opposite side. One man arose and hastened out.

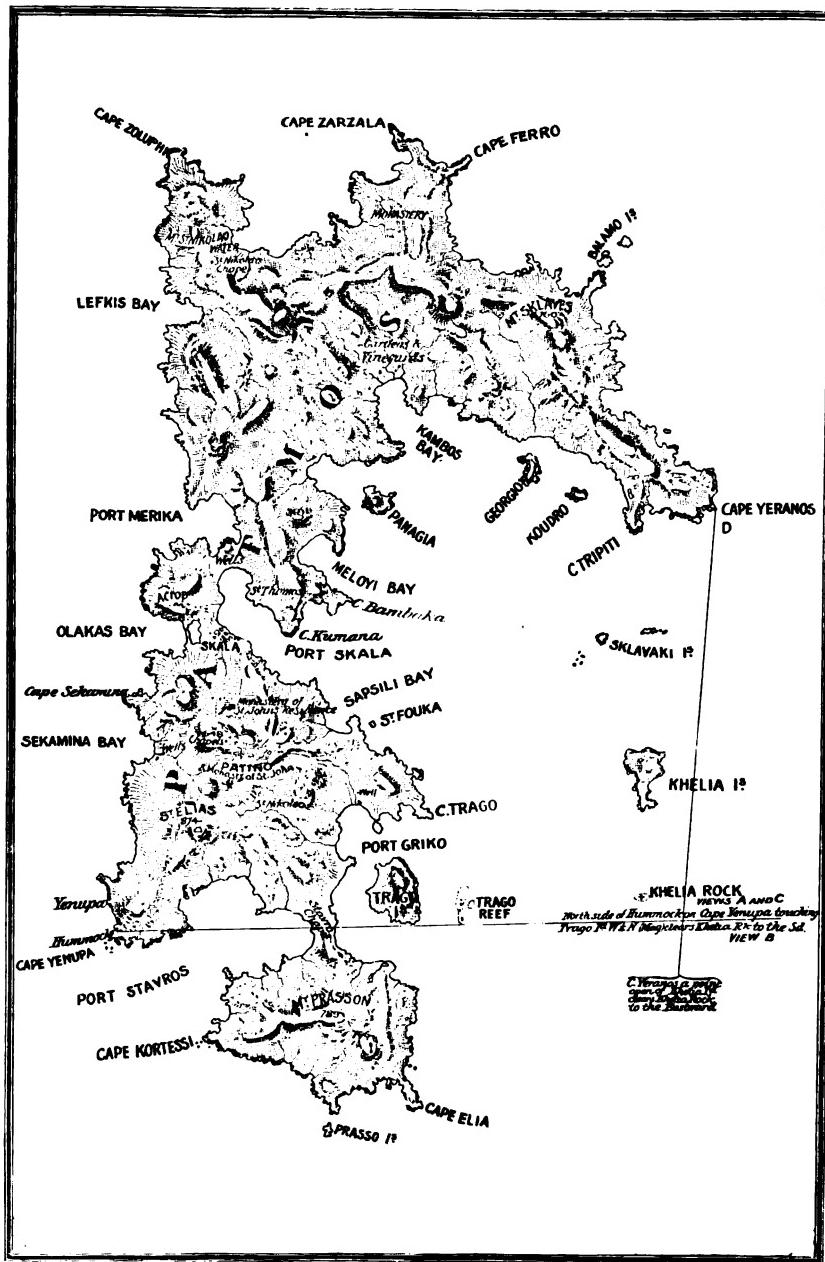
Now there was on that craft a numerous and diversified community. Spread out like drying codfish on the deck were Turks, Greeks, women, and children. A poor Turkish soldier hastening home to die of consumption was on the deck bench. There were divers other things aboard which paid no fare; some of them, at least, were working their way. That was what the Frenchman's Napoleonic move indicated. It was on this wise: One son of France had retired early and had chosen the upper berth. The other came in just as I was tucking the covers in, and disrobed as much as folk aboard such craft are wont to do, and without saying his prayers, bethought himself to arrange his pillow for a comfortable night's repose, when lifting it he beheld a large black creature with divers legs and horns, which to the amazed native of Paris, perchance somewhat enlarged by an imagination aglow with red wine, must have appeared as formidable and threatening as do those appendages of a bull when a red flannel is flung in his face. However that may have been, the Frenchman precipitately fled, and the springs being set agoing, behold a small battalion of

horned things scampered across the bed, and went out of sight, as the boomers on the boundary line of Oklahoma hastened for a happy claim. With this, the man above got his sides in motion and had a hilarious time, much to the disgust of the now fast-robing passenger.

The Frank was on deck the remainder of the night. I soon fell asleep, and dreamed of my home in the West. As I was waking, the fact that my craft was nearing the place of the banishment of the last of the apostles gave me zest quickly to dismount from my exalted perch, and make a hasty toilet, and go on deck. It was early morning. "Ho! Helmsman! what land is that," I shouted, suiting action to the words. Quickly from the wheelhouse came the answer, "Patino, sir."

Men have given us their emotions and thoughts upon seeing Jerusalem for the first time. Here is vivid portrayal of both :

"On and up, on and up, until the lathered and smoking horses are reined in, and the dragoman rises in front and points eastward, crying, 'Jerusalem!' It was mightier than an electric shock. We all rose. There it lay ; the prize of nations ; the terminus of famous pilgrimages ; the object of Roman and Crusading wars, and for which Assyrians had fought, and Egyptians had fought, and the world had fought ; the place which the queen of Sheba had visited, and Richard Cœur de Lion had conquered. Home of Solomon ; home of Ezekiel ; home of Jeremiah ; home of Isaiah ; home of Saladin ; Mt. Zion of David's heartbreak, and Mt. Moriah where the sacrifices smoked ; mount of Olives where Jesus preached, and Gethsemane



## PATMOS AND SURROUNDING ISLANDS.

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TILGHMAN & SONS

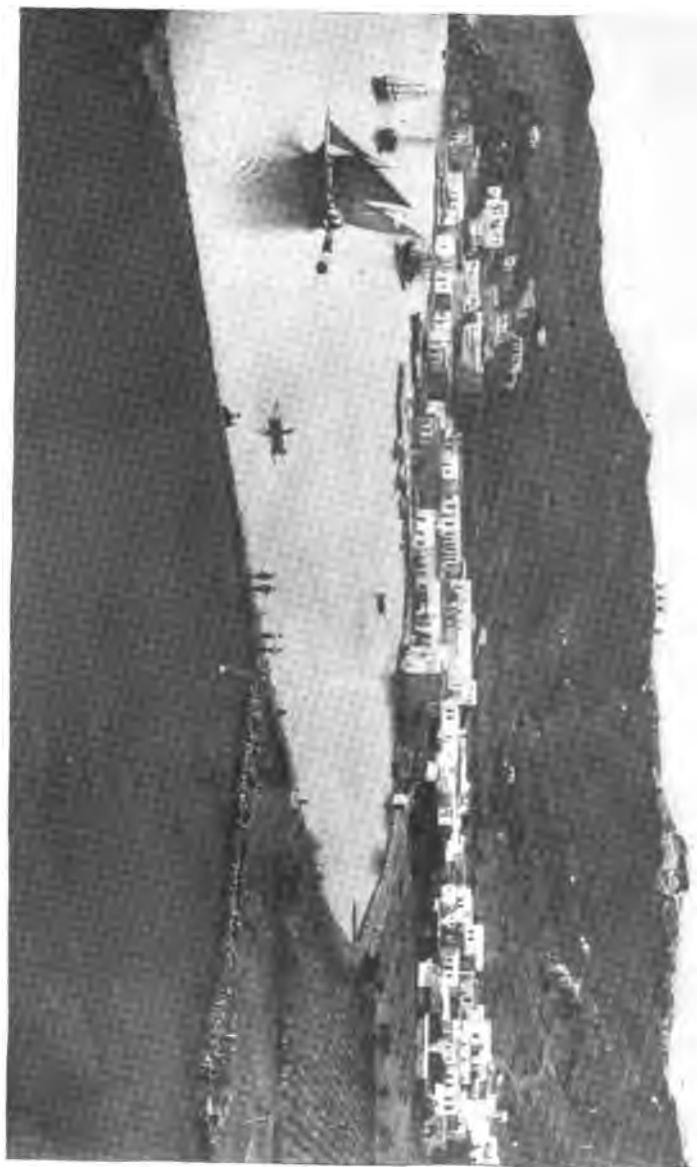
where he agonized, and Golgotha where he died, and the Holy Sepulchre where he was buried—O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! greatest city on earth, and type of the city celestial."

Thus spoke the American pulpit orator, T. DeWitt Talmage. Now, what shall I record of the various moods and thoughts which this proximity to the rock of Revelation gave activity? Aye, Patmos, sir; I said to myself; and this is Patmos. At last the dream of my boyhood days is fulfilled. At last the longing of my college years is at a climax; at last, after the heats of Egypt and the cold of Lebanon and the perils of quarantine and of the sea; at last, after traveling a distance equal to the diameter of this earth, I see vessels riding at anchor in the port of Patmos! Island of the Seven Hills! Island of the seven letters! Island of the seven golden candlesticks! Island of the seven stars! Island of the seven lamps of fire! Island of the seven spirits! Island of the seven seals! Island of the seven trumpets! Island of the seven angels! Island of the seven vials! Island of the seven kings! Island of Patmos! My feet shall soon tread the rock which the last of the apostolic penmen walked with the glorified Redeemer, as he listened to the story of the foundations, walls, gates, streets, trees, vines, and glory of that city "whose builder and maker is God"!

In the Church of the Nativity, I thought of Christ of Bethlehem. In the carpenter shop, I thought of Christ of Nazareth. On the mount of Olives, I thought of Christ of Bethany, Gethsemane, Golgotha, and the Arimathean's tomb. But on Patmos, I shall think of Christ of heaven!—the risen, ascended, and glorified Saviour!

Then was I sore perplexed, for yonder great mountain which seemed to take in all the island at that point, east and west, appeared to be covered with snow. I rubbed my eyes, saying all the while to myself, "Would there be that much snow on Patmos at this time of year?" But when the light from the east increased, and we drew nearer the land, I saw the great monastery towering above the white buildings of the city, which clustered about it, like a vast mediæval fortress, which I afterward learned it was intended to be, as well as a religious home. Nearly every building on Patmos is pure white. At last I was gazing upon a tract of land which I had come some eight thousand miles to see. So many sacred and holy spots are doubtful, and the shown sites are questioned by the learned; but whoever doubted that St. John was sent here? Whoever for a moment even thought some other of the many islands of the archipelago was the apostle's compulsory residence? Our craft passed Cape Kumana on the right, and soon afterward the Lazarotto on the left, and cast anchor in the port of La Scala Island of Patmos.

Well! Well! There was a small fast steamer lying at anchor; it belonged to the tobacco monopoly. Yes, one of the first things I saw was this representative of monopolies. Trusts on Patmos! Combinations and monopolies on this Ægean isle! What next? I was sitting in front of one of the three or four coffee shops at the wharf when some men hastily went by; it was a monopolist after a man who was supposed to have some tobacco he had not declared. The smuggler was making haste to get where he could give the nicotine to one who had not brought it ashore; then he



PORT OF LA SCALA. THE TRADITIONAL SITE OF SAINT JOHN'S LANDING.

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ASTOR, LENOX, AND  
TIPPER FOUNDATIONS

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could not be molested; but the fleetfooted monopolist caught the fellow.

Small boats came to the ship's side, and we took our luggage and went to a quay where some custom-house Turks wanted to examine the contents of our baggage; this was abbreviated, for they were assured that we had no spirits or tobacco. While a messenger carried a note to my companion's friend, Evangelos Yohannithes, eldest son of the physician of Patmos and an artist of very considerable ability, we entered a coffee house and ordered some boiled eggs and Arab coffee. We also had a curious drink made of crushed melon seeds. It was white, like milk, and held by the natives to be very healthful and in taste attractive; but only as to the former can I grant consent to agree. While engaged in eating and looking, the artist arrived and received us warmly, and during my entire stay on the island this gentleman showed me every kindness and displayed a generous Christian spirit.

Here at the wharf we found quite a goodly village, with a new house going up, the only building on the island in course of erection. It is here the twenty Turks reside and most of the business is done. I saw several stores (the apothecary shop is in Phora), and was informed that whereas the inhabitants formerly had many ships, now only about twenty are owned on the island. I observed a pottery near at hand. There are several of these on the island, and they turn out water jugs which are exported. Lime is also shipped, and salt formerly was; but a monopoly has closed the salt works, and the evaporating basins are seldom used. Grapes are raised, but hardly sufficient for home consump-

tion. There are five windmills for grinding flour; there were formerly seven, but two have fallen down. Four stand in a row on a ledge east of Phora, and a solitary one in the west on a ridge. The governor or chief officer of the island lives near the port of La Scala.

The artist having negotiated for donkeys, we and our baggage mounted and started up the steep paved road past the Monastery of the Apocalypse, also the Hellenic School, the walls of which have been standing about two centuries. It was here that celebrated professors taught the students whom they had attracted from the other islands of the archipelago and from the continent, to the city which is on the top of Mt. St. John. I rode on a merchandise saddle, which made it easy for the long-eared creature, I finding it convenient to walk most of the time.

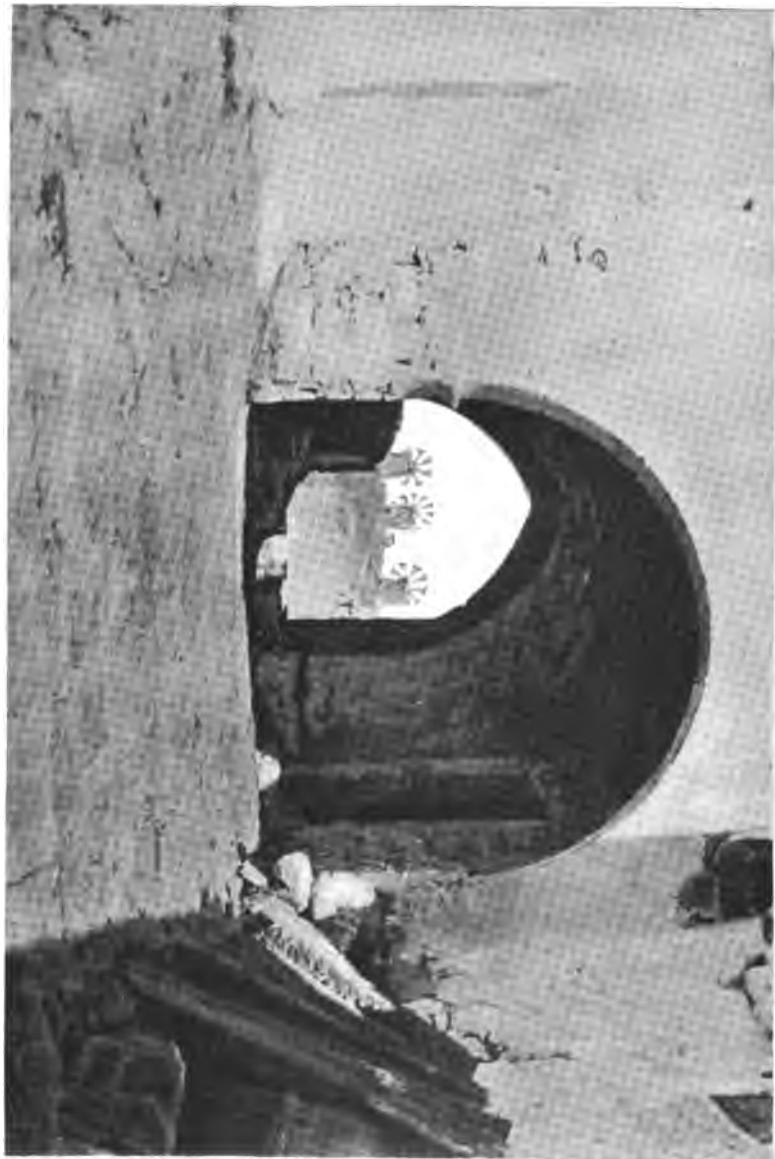
Having arrived in the heart of the city of Phora, formerly called Patino, or Patmos-town, before us was one of the five great gates in what was once a massive fortification, constructed for added protection from the pirates who once infested these seas. The view with the stone archway for a frame is beautiful. Yonder is a ledge of rock where stand the four windmills, with their sails going, and a bright blue summer sky for background. The fine three and four story residences all about the great cloister caused me to wonder. They came there on this wise: Years ago many rich merchants dwelled on Patmos, and it was they who constructed the palatial houses on Mt. St. John. Just above the outer door of the monster pile of buildings composing the Monastery of St. John was an attractive picture of the evangelist, under which we passed in. At once turning sharply to the right,

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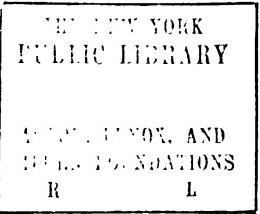
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A PATMOS KILN.



A GATE IN THE ANCIENT WALL OF PATMOS-TOWN.



we ascended a score of steps, then turning acutely to the left, we went up twenty more, and after another turn and more steps we entered the open court with the well in it, and surrounded on three sides by porches and colonnades. Having crossed a corner of this roofless enclosure, and gone along narrow stone passageways and up flights of hard, cold steps, we were finally ushered into the abbott's chamber. The long-whiskered old superior received us kindly, bade us be seated, and commanded a black-robed young deacon to pass coffee and sweets, also rakki, an intoxicating drink distilled from grape skins, a drink used by the Moslems instead of whisky; the latter was positively refused. He asked the usual questions of the East as to health, where from, etc., and wished me a pleasant visit. As soon as polite diplomacy would permit, we withdrew. After more stairs and contracted passageways, we entered the open court and crossed it, going by the monastery well and the great wooden semandron, or gong, on up four flights of steps, and passed some score of cats, most of them yellow (I afterward learned that there are forty monks and sixty cats in the monastery). At this point we were met by the good priest of the cave of the Apocalypse, who ushered us into a little room, and then into one twelve feet by twenty-five, which had pictures on the wall and settees along the sides, presenting a most comfortable appearance. Opening from this large room was a bedroom, which was furnished with care, but not overdone.

The little chamber was to be our banquet hall, the large one our sitting room, and the other our sleeping apartment. Save one only, these were the highest rooms on Mt. St. John.

The view was lovely, and especially delightful to me because the windows looked out far above the houses of the city, off over the solitary windmill, and across the *Aegean* toward the west.

Several monks called on me during the day, one of whom had been in New York and spoke English well. He was born on Patmos, but since being on the Western Hemisphere all seemed small to him on the lone island. I visited him in his cell, and with evident satisfaction he showed me some New York and St. Louis papers, which made me feel more at home. He has a delightful residence in La Scala, and entertained me there one afternoon. His health becoming impaired, a return to Patmos was necessary. One monk who has two deacons for assistants did the cooking for us, and it was good too. The food was not of great variety, but there was a great deal of it, and all was nice and clean. My appetite was active, because of the climbing over the rough rocks. After being introduced to a Greek from Athens, who was copying manuscripts, we started out to see this vast Monastery of St. John where we were quartered.



E. View of Patmo from the upper part of Port Scala

THE MONASTERY OF ST. JOHN



## II

### THE MONASTERY OF ST. JOHN



N one of the many white roofs of this castellated structure we will enjoy for a while the cool breezes, the novel scenery, and a few general thoughts concerning this colossal cloister.

Seven hundred feet above the sea stands Patmos' great monastery. The practice of building sacred edifices on lofty situations, which has obtained in all ages, was most scrupulously observed by the Greeks and Romans. I do not remember one temple in Greece or the islands which is not situated on a hill. The custom seems to belong to most remote antiquity, and the frequenting of high places even before the erection of temples, undoubtedly originated in the same feelings with which the devout inhabitants of every country, from Italy to India, still select the most lofty and beautiful situations for their sacred buildings. Strabo instances the fact as obtaining among the Persians, and Kämpfer mentions it as also characterizing the inhabitants of Japan. Balak, king of Moab, took Balaam to *the summit of a hill* in order that he might curse Israel and sacrifice to the gods (Num. 22 : 41). Abraham was commanded to offer up Isaac on the hills of Moriah (Gen. 22 : 2). And Christ, seeing the multitude, went up into a mountain to preach (Matt. 5 : 1).

In the case of this monastery, there existed the necessity of being away from the sea and securing adequate protection. The corsairs and brigands of divers sorts infested the island as well as the mainland.

This massive fortress-like pile of buildings, with battlements and bastion walls, contains eleven churches. "One of the reasons for the multiplication of churches in Greek monasteries is the rule against more than one mass being said upon one altar on the same day." Now mark the suggestiveness of their names: Holy Apostle, St. George, St. Onuphrios, The Cross, The Forerunner, St. Basil, St. Nicholas, All Saints, The Blessed Virgin, St. Christodoulos, and the great church of St. John. All are very small, the last being the largest on the island, and that only thirty feet square. There are altogether some three hundred and sixty-four churches on Patmos, and the population is under four thousand, thus averaging a church to about every ten persons.

The monks in former days were accustomed to eat at a common table, but the old-fashioned life has been abandoned. The dining room has fallen into decay; the bishop's chair at the head of the table appears as a man does when he has had too much "rakki." When formerly one hundred monks dwelt here, the common table must have been a lively place. Some of the priests now live outside the walls, with relatives, usually with a sister's family; others have private kitchens and a novice to wait upon them.

An account of the building of this vast mediæval fortress, some eight centuries ago, will be given in another place. When St. Christodoulos came to this mountain top, he found



MOUNT AND MONASTERY OF SAINT JOHN, PATMOS-TOWN.

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an image of Diana standing ; he threw it down, building the altar of the church of St. John over it. In this heathen temple was also a statue consecrated to Hecate by the daughter of the physician Glaucias, priestess of Artemis.

The superior is elected every two years. He acts as judge of the monks. At 4 A. M. and 1 P. M., of every day, all the monastics attend church services. The income of the monastery is sixteen hundred pounds sterling per year, of which, as noted elsewhere, a considerable portion is paid to the Sultan of Turkey. Fifty pounds is sent to the patriarch at Constantinople. A physician is paid ten pounds per month. Some of the income goes to support the forty nuns in the female cloister, who in turn care for the education of the girls ; and three schools for boys are supported by the monastery. All this, with some charity, suggests that the money is put to good uses. The balance provides for the monks and their families (*i. e.*, a sister who is housekeeper) meagre salaries. The island is under the pasha of Rhodes, each house being taxed one dollar per year toward the support of the island government, which consists of four councilmen and a governor. Besides the eleven churches in the monastery, there are accommodations for one hundred monks, with kitchens and sleeping rooms ; also the two treasuries, one containing the robes, crowns, and sceptres, the other the relics. Then there is the famous library, with its depleted wealth of the Pergamos parchments. The view to be obtained from beside the belfry arches is magnificent. May the life of St. John, who made the island famous, and above all the life of Jesus Christ, who made it more famous, modify our lives.

## MONASTERY BELLS.

Bells Russian, bells Venetian, fine bells too, are they which speak so melodiously in the belfry of this mediæval convent. Bells have had a mighty influence on human lives. If I were writing about the famous old one which proclaimed "Liberty" at Independence Hall, in the heart of the city of Brotherly Love; if I were to tell once again how it spoke in war days and how the great crack came to it; and were I to speak concerning its triumphal journey to the West and South, and how it was admired, my words would win a quick response. Or if I were to go to the European States and select the Russians' great historic bell, or the chimes of cathedrals in sunny Italy or the British Isles, this too might seem worth while. But to write of bells on Patmos, the subject appears too trivial.

In the south porch of the arcade which surrounds the open court, in the midst of the great pile of buildings, hangs a large wooden semandron. It is a curious sort of gong, which is struck with a wooden hammer, and is used to announce the time for twilight service, and also for the swinging-to of the monster iron gate which is planked over; this entrance to the monastery being closed one half-hour after the sun has gone down in the blue sea.

"By the special permission of the grand mufti of Constantinople, they enjoy the rare privilege of a bell to summon the brethren to their devotions, while all the other religious foundations in the East—the Monastery of Mt. Athos not excepted—are forced to convene their inmates to prayers by the striking of a hammer against a crooked bar

of iron. This much-envied privilege of the monks of Patmos is ascribed to the high veneration in which the Turks are said to hold the memory of St. John."

To be denied the use of bells on that lonely island might be considered an unnecessary hardship. The long semandron would prove a poor substitute. I observed four fine bells belonging to the great monastery—two on the convent for women, one on St. Elijah, and I think one on the church of the Burning Bush; and there may be others. During the great feast days these add much to the pleasure of the inhabitants. On Patmos, where the thought of the Christian from the West must ever turn toward the Bible, one is reminded of the golden bells on the robes of the priest, telling the people that he still lived, when within the veil serving in the Holy of Holies.

Fire bells, clang out your warning in the night! Wedding bells, ring forth a merry call at high noon, and bid the marriage onward. Toll, toll, toll, funeral bells, the knell of a departing soul at any hour—a solemn sound, a muffled drum-like noise to tell of death. Bells sound the watches on the sea; they call when mist befogs the sight, out through the darkness, telling a bewildered sailor of the shoals, the rock, or a safe harbor for the night. Monastery bells, continue to ring! call the people to the place of prayer, bid the people prepare to live here, that hereafter all may be well.

In a cottage on the border of the woodland sits a widow by the bedside of her only child. The old clock has struck the dead of night. The moon is under a cloud. All is still save the occasional barking of a watch-dog on yonder mountain side. She weeps. It is a sorrow dif-

ferent from any she has known before. She knows the child is dying.

"Mother dear, I'm dreaming," said a voice soft and low, and she put her ear where breath and sound could reach it. "I hear bells ringing, but I can't see, and the bells are ringing louder. Mother, now it's dark; oh, mother, now I see! The golden bells are ringing in the white towers of paradise; angels are ringing them, and one silver cord is broken." Then all was still. A shining face lay on the pillow, and the mother forgot to weep. Then she knew her bird had flown, and she wept beside the empty cage. Her child was dead!

Ring on! Ring on! for warning, sorrow, joy, or worship, oh, ye bells, until the looked-for time when:

"In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, holiness unto the Lord; and the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar. Yea, every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord of hosts; and all they that sacrifice shall come and take of them, and seethe therein; and in that day there shall be no more the Canaanite in the house of the Lord of hosts."

Ring the monastery bells on Patmos till the Lord comes.

THE MONASTERY LIBRARY.

A library on Patmos is to be expected, and that there should be found some old manuscripts need not surprise one. Lying in the midst of learning, with the great Alexandrian library to the south and one nearly as large and much earlier, that of Pergamos, on the north, why not

parchments yellow with age on the isle of the Revelation? The good priest made some ado upon entering, for he knew the interest taken in matters of this sort. He led me into a room some twelve feet by sixteen, I should judge, with the walls covered with glass-doored cases. There were about eighteen hundred printed works, of no especial interest except for the beautiful Byzantine bindings they display, and only two hundred and forty of the old volumes and manuscripts remain; the librarian told me that originally there were six hundred. Only in recent years have the precious writings been protected from dampness, moth, and mice. Hence many have no beginning and no ending, the names of the authors even being unknown. These treasures were long thought to be of no especial value. I was shown the great Imperial Golden Bull, which granted to St. Christodoulos the entire island, and farms in Samoa and Crete, besides divers small islands all about. It is pasted on linen, and is long and well preserved. The red ink with which the Byzantine emperor signed his name, although so many centuries ago, is bright and clear.

There are three other Bulls here also. Next, was a precious copy of thirty-three leaves of the four Gospels, written in the fifth century; other portions are at present in Vienna and Rome. It is on purple vellum, written in large silver letters. The headlines and the names of the Trinity are in gold. I am reminded of the Troitsia monastery, forty-five miles from Moscow, on the road to Yaroslaf. It was established by St. Sergius and twelve disciples in 1338. The saint's shrine weighs nine hundred and thirty-six pounds, and is of pure silver. Dr. Buckley, who visited it, says:

"There are here some of the most remarkable figures which can be imagined. . . In the archbishop's stall there is a representation of the Last Supper. Every figure consists of solid gold, with one exception, and that is the figure of Judas, which is brass. Every one of these images is adorned with many precious stones."

This copy of the sacred writings of the evangelists, which is nearly fifteen hundred years old, would have interested me anywhere, but especially in the place where one of the Gospels was most likely written. In the Samaritan Temple in Nablous I saw the Pentateuch, said to be four thousand years old; but these ancient portions of the New Testament had equal interest. Another manuscript, of the tenth century, has in it the pictures of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. A beautiful picture represents Luke as writing on an open book, which lies upon a wooden stand that has its upright fastened in a perfect cross. An excellent manuscript copy of the book of Job, purporting to have been written early in the ninth century, was also handed me for inspection. The good monk now fully realizes the value of these copies, and takes them up with marked respect. Of course I had a look at the famous manuscripts of Prochorus and Nicatas, which are here, and upon which most of the traditions of the island are based. An interesting document is the life of St. Osios Christodoulos, and the rules which he made for the governing of the monastery.

#### *Four Golden Bulls.*

In the archives of the great monastery there are several Golden Bulls granted by the emperor of Constantinople and

by the emperor of Germany. The most interesting of the lot is the first, which was issued by Alexis Comnenus, 1088 A. D. It is fifteen feet long and sixteen inches wide. It is doubtless of Pergamos parchment, written in black ink, but the signature of the emperor and the words which he inserted are in bright red. This Bull is in excellent condition, and I gazed upon it with much interest. In it the emperor gives the island of Patmos and everything on it to the holy anchorite, St. Christodoulos. He enumerates most carefully all the privileges to be enjoyed by the island in future times. It is made in a legal style, everything being specified. One writer thinks that it is especially valuable because it shows how taxes bore heavily on the Byzantine world. This Bull declares that this island shall be free from all duties, and there shall never be levied on it any taxes whatever. The Turks, however, do not respect this Bull; they levy a heavy tax of three hundred pounds per annum. The monastery pays one-half of this tribute money, and the people the balance.

Following is the list of the Bulls according to their dates:

The first was issued by the Emperor Alexis Comnenus, 1088 A. D. The second was issued by the same emperor; the date I failed to obtain. The third has the signature of the Emperor Andronic Palæologue, dated 1329 A. D. The fourth Bull was issued by Emperor Charles VI. of Germany, in 1724 A. D. These four Golden Bulls have been very carefully preserved; they are in excellent condition and are suggestive in many ways. It seems strange that such extraordinary care should have been given to these

documents, and at the same time so many of the valuable manuscripts in this library be carelessly left to be torn and destroyed by the atmosphere and the worms. While there were originally some six hundred manuscripts in the library, there are now two hundred and forty, but many of them are of great antiquity and value. Since the monks have discovered the importance of these writings, they have arranged cases with glass doors, and have taken great care of them, but it is unfortunate that this could could not have been done centuries earlier.

*The White Book.*

The White Book in the old stone chamber on Patmos, in which the names of prominent visitors are recorded, was examined with unusual pleasure; for after reading the signatures of the marquis of Bute's private yachting party, to whom the holy priesthood refers with evident delight, I saw the name of our good American Methodist Episcopal Bishop, John P. Newman, 1894. There was an even greater sense of home feeling than when, in the kahn of the Good Samaritan, on the Jericho road, I saw the name of a gentleman with whom I had been associated in evangelistic work in a New York city. The monk librarian thereupon handed me the pen and my signature went down next to that of the popular bishop, and 1896 A. D., Doylestown, Pa., U. S. A. Away from there I looked into the Revelation and found the word "book" mentioned about thirty times; and I read with peculiar interest the record concerning the *Book of Life* (Rev. 20:11-15):

"And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on

it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works. And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."

#### *Treasuries.*

There are two treasures in the monastery, and they are connected with the largest church on the island, the church of St. John. One treasury, which is located behind the altar, contains the relics which are sufficiently interesting to demand more particular reference. The other treasury is the one entered from the north side of the church, and has many rich vestments in it. It also has crowns and silver plate of some value. I saw the staff of St. Christodoulos, also many bishops' scepters, inlaid most exquisitely with pearls; several valuable copies of the Gospels, all richly bound; an abundance of embroidered garments for the abbot, vestments which must have cost much labor and skill, are also kept in this place of security. I was considerably interested in a pectoral cross, presented by Catherine II. of Russia. It was bestudded with jewels, and much gold was used. It was engraved, and in all details prepared in a costly fashion,

even as became the present of a mighty and wealthy monarch. It is said to contain a portion of the original cross. I was invited to smell it, and there surely came forth from it the odor of cedar wood, and that was the proof that was offered me that the contents of the precious relic was a part of Calvary's cross. This evidence reminded me that on the island of Zante the patron saint is said to arise from his silver casket each night and walk around the island by the seashore, thus protecting the sleeping inhabitants. The proof lies in this, that in the morning the shoes left by the casket have seaweed or sand in them. Aside from the suggested contents of this gem-bestudded cross, it has artistic and historical value.

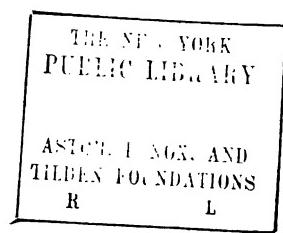
ST. CHRISTODOULOS.

Osios John Christodoulos, concerning whom on Patmos the traveler hears more than of any one else, now receives our attention. Saint Christodoulos was born near Nicea (?) in Bithynia, in the year 1021 A. D.; his father's name was Theodore, and his mother's Anne. His baptismal name was John. His parents were wealthy. There are three principal manuscripts which give somewhat different accounts of his life. I shall give what I judge to be the most generally believed record of his career. He early gave evidence of a disposition to enter a monastery, but his parents opposed it greatly, and to check him effectually in that matter they put forth efforts to get him married. We are not informed as to what inducements were offered him, probably great riches; and no doubt some beautiful, enticing Greek young lady, with a siren voice and bewitching manners, was frequently

and willingly, under various pretexts, brought into his company ; but all to no avail. To avoid matrimony he absented himself from home ; or, as the newspapers of our day would remark, he ran away. He thought an angel called to him one night, saying, "Follow the road I show you." In a rather romantic fashion he met an aged man who led him to Mt. Olympus, where he entered a monastery near the village of Prusa. The gray-haired guide presented him to a monk of the most austere class. He remained there a few years, during which time he outmonked the monks, praying and fasting more than the most severe. It was the priest of this monastery who named him Christodoulos, which being interpreted is "Servant of Christ," having the same meaning as the name "Gilchrist." When his friend, the monk, was gathered to his fathers, Christodoulos, fearing that his parents might try once again to persuade him from monastic to matrimonial life, journeyed to Rome where, according to tradition, he met all the apostles ; and after a night in council with them he started off for Palestine, where he entered the ancient monastery of St. John, built by the Empress Helena, on the banks of the Jordan. The Moslem Bedouin made a raid on the monks, killing many and capturing the convent buildings ; the surviving monks fled, Christodoulos among the number. He hastened to Mar Saba, that vermin-infested fortress abbey named after the boy monk Sabas, who became an anchorite at eight years of age. Why he departed from this last monastery is not known, but it is presumed that, having a reputation for great wealth, and as it had been plundered by the Persian hordes in the seventh century, and by the Mohammedan Arabs after that, at the

time of one of these marauding expeditions the place was sacked. Some of the dwellers there fled, and John Christodoulos was again among the number. He went to Anatolia, where he entered a monastery near Mt. Latros. Again he excelled in strict observance of the severest fasts and lacerations. But pirates came one night, with wild yells and flaming torches, and having robbed the abbey of the plate and precious jewels, destroyed the buildings, and Christodoulos a third time fled for his life.

After having been invited to be superior of several rich monasteries, but declining on finding the inhabitants hopelessly corrupt, he went to Constantinople, and prayed the Emperor Alexis to grant him the island of Patmos. The ruler would fain do better by him; but "Some islands have a fertile soil and are too beautiful for an austere life; sterile and dreary Patmos, with all its barrenness, is the place for the strict rules I wish observed," said the saint, and the emperor finally consented, granting the Golden Bull with the red ink signature. In possession of the Bull, he sailed to the island of Cos, where he obtained fifty laborers and some monks. When once on Patmos, he went directly to the spot where the city now stands, and broke down an image of Diana and a temple, and constructed the monastery where the heathen idol-palace stood. The story is told of his troubles with his workmen, how they grew weary and schemed to flee between two days, and how he finally consented that they should bring their wives and children; stipulating, however, that no children or women should cross the sandbar connecting the northern with the middle section of the island. Pirates chased him off this tract of land sur-





MONKS OF SAINT JOHN. THE MONASTERY COURT.

rounded with water, and he sailed to Eubœa, where he departed this life in 1101. In his last hours he directed that when peace came his body should be taken to Patmos and placed in the monastery. He also requested that his manuscripts be taken along with his body.

On the south and east sides of the open court of the Monastery of St. John are colonnades; and in front of the Church of St. John is a porch with columns, which by their diversity of appearance must once have been in several ancient structures. Under this porch on the court is the principal entrance to the chapel and the large church. One entering, by turning to the right, is in the chapel of St. Christodoulos, and in the south wall is an arch closed up with wooden doors. The priests, after chanting and saying prayers, all the while burning incense, unlocked the doors and swung the censer; they took up a pall, and, behold, a silver coffin beautifully embossed. Taking off a large portion of the lid, one beholds a body wrapped in cloth of gold and the hands encased in silver. There is the head uncovered, and very shining on the forehead, because of being frequently kissed by the faithful. On this occasion, after incense had been swung, the priest and novices kneeled and kissed the brow of the dead abbot whom they sincerely revere. Then all made way for me to look, and there I beheld the mortal remains of Osios Christodoulos. It is said that he performs a sort of continuous miracle by sending a sweet fragrance from his body. He receives great respect from the inhabitants because of this. Faith, perchance, aids the olfactory nerves, for I could perceive nothing but the scent of burning incense.

*Rules for Monks.*

The rules which this self-denying saint made for the guidance of the monks began by his having inserted in the Golden Bull of 1088 A. D., a clause forever "defending" the island from women and children. During his lifetime he found it necessary to modify this clause by permitting the married workmen to bring their families. Among his laws, all of which I have heard, are the following few that deserve mention :

A priest must not visit the families without permission, and in the presence of two other monks. If a monk disregards this statute, he must live for twenty days on rye bread and water, and for the second offense he is sent from the island in dishonor. Another law requires frequent prayer and much fasting. Another declares that Psalms 50, 69, and 90 must be chanted by them all in church when a superior is elected. Here is a law which makes one think of a yielding spirit beneath the cowl: No brother has the right to own anything which is not indispensable to his living. That is not observed in these days. The monks no longer eat at a common table; each has his own rooms, and many of them live in the city. Christodoulos had foresight as to hermits. He says: "For five days in the week he has to live only on the dry products furnished by the convent, and only one meal a day, at the ninth hour. Saturdays he must go to the monastery, eat with the brethren, and remain over Sunday, assisting in the services. At the going down of the sun on Sundays he must go back to his hermitage and to solitude." It is further provided that when the monk stock gets pretty low, any man ambitious to join them can be admitted after

a long trial, according to St. Basil's rules. All the monks are natives of the island, and any one who desires to enter the holy order of the monastery must first be an under-servant and slowly rise to the priesthood.

Christodoulos built well. The walls of his monastery have stood the earthquake shocks for over eight centuries, and seem good for as many more. He built well financially, for to this day the incomes are, while not extravagant, yet sufficient for the maintenance of the holy priesthood and their families, and a goodly balance for charity ; this is distributed in a manner conservative and intelligent, and, as far as I was able to learn, entirely satisfactory. He built well as to the position chosen for the monastery and the city. Altogether we may consider him an unusually wise and godly man, whose monastic life had not sapped his store of business qualities, nor unmanned him for contact with the world. He wrought well and sincerely doubtless along the line of life his conceptions of duty had marked out.

#### *Relics.*

All the relics are kept in the great monastery. When Greek captains, who sometimes fire their guns in honor of the monastery of St. John as they sail past the island, return safely from a dangerous voyage, especially one in which the storm king has uttered his voice, they drop anchor in the harbor of Scala and go up to the monks, to ask them to take the skull of St. Thomas aboard their craft, and return thanks to God for the goodly trip. Sometimes sea captains visit the monks before setting out on a perilous voyage, and persuade the holy men to bless them, agreeing

that if they return prosperous, those who give the blessing shall have a share. The reason why the houses are grouped around the monastery is because in other days the people were in constant dread of pirates, who committed depredations which caused great suffering. It is said that the pirates who were religious, or superstitious rather, would climb the hill and ask a blessing upon their hazardous stealing expeditions, promising if successful, very materially to enrich the holy (?) gentleman who blessed them. Some of the free-booters of the seas in olden times would even take a priest with them, to minister at the hour of death.

The Apostle St. Thomas, who required such absolute personal proof and who refused to accept the testimony of reliable eye-witnesses concerning the Lord's resurrection, preached the gospel of the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth with mighty power to the Parthians and in far-away India. So at least tradition tells us. He converted so many to Christ that the angered pagan teachers finally succeeded in having him thrust through with a spear. The skull of St. Thomas was shown to me in the monastery. It is kept in a large embossed silver goblet with a lid of silver; all is covered with a very rich Venetian table rug. Alexis Comnenus, who had it bound with silver strips both lengthwise and over the top and, where the silver ribbons cross, fastened together with precious stones, and the ends held in like manner, soon after the completion of the monastery presented it to St. Christodoulos. The kindly priest, who first remarked to me concerning the relic of the doubting disciple, said, "The emperor gave it to the monastery"; but with a look of meaning, continued: "I do not know



MONKS OF THE ISLE, AND THE SKULL OF ST. THOMAS.

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where he obtained it." This skull of Thomas is making up for some of the inactivity of that unbelieving apostle during his early lifetime.

It may come to the reader to inquire how does the writer know that St. Thomas was inactive in his early service. I know it because he was doubting, and had not mustard-seed faith. An active man is one who believes, one who has faith. Recently this skull was taken by four monks aboard a vessel which set sail and finally landed the five monastery skulls upon the island of Samos, from which much wine comes. My vessel touched there on the way out from Smyrna, and I saw a large tank ship have wine pumped into it, just as oil is. Information was given me that it is transported to a foreign port where, after being put up into packages with a famous name on it, it is sold at a high price. Well, the worms had gotten into the vineyards, destroying the crop, and in some instances making life miserable for the vines; hence the skull of St. Thomas was invited to "come over and help us." The five Patmos skulls remained on Samos a month. They carried the relics in procession, the four monks did; they took them into the vineyards, they marched from village to village, the people following in great crowds, singing hymns and praying. It is said that when the worms saw the silver-bound, gem-bestudded skull coming, they decamped precipitately.

The citizens of the wine island so appreciated this visit of the worm-chasing skull that they took up a collection and presented to the monks three hundred pounds sterling for their visit. One thousand five hundred dollars a month is pretty good pay out there in the *Ægean Sea*, but the peo-

ple were happy that the worms were gone. It is passing strange that an old skull is needed to help get a blessing from the living God. But thus their superstitions teach them.

Some fifteen years ago the grasshoppers overran Smyrna; they leaped into everything and gave the place a desolated appearance. When the people's patience was well-nigh exhausted, the monks of St. John came over from Patmos with the uppermost portion of St. Thomas. When St. Thomas arrived there was at once much singing and kneeling and praying and kissing of the skull. Then a procession was formed, and the relic got down to business. The grasshoppers, as soon as they turned themselves and saw (so the story goes, which is given in Patmos to this day, and I heard an account also at Smyrna) the worm-chasing skull of the saint after them, they fled in great haste. It is declared that grasshoppers were never known to hop such long hops, such fast hops, such high hops, as those Grylli hopped when they saw what was coming. On this occasion the insects jumped into the sea, and so great was the number that the small boats could go about with difficulty. The stench from their decaying bodies necessitated the making of a great festival, besides the carting of them beyond the city limits, where trenches were dug and the obnoxious creatures buried. On Patmos the monks told me that no grasshoppers have since visited Smyrna; yet in the latter place the information reached me that several times since they have made their appearance there, but in small numbers. The holy men out on the island, where news is scarce, had not heard about the calls the Grylli had made on Smyrna.

The monks granted my request to permit me to photograph the famous skull. They brought it out on a porch and stood about it like a guard of honor, while I took the first and only photograph of St. Thomas ever taken.

The head of St. Philip is here. In the year 52 A. D., St. Philip became a martyr in the proud city of Hierapolis, which lies somewhat less than ten miles across the fertile plain from Laodicea, and with Colossæ forms the triangle of cities on the Maeander. He was born in Galilee, hard by the lake of Gennesaret, in the city of Bethsaida. He preached with success in Asia and Hierapolis, the city of hot baths, which had gone a full length in idolatry. According to tradition he converted many to Christianity, and the priests who, Demetrius-like, saw their income diminished, flung him into jail. After a terrible scourging, he was fastened to a cross and in that manner died.

A portion of the skull of Antipas, "I know thy works, and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is: and thou holdest fast my name, and hast not denied my faith, even in those days wherein Antipas was my faithful martyr, who was slain among you, where Satan dwelleth" (Rev. 2:13)—who was bishop of Pergamos, is here by the instrumentality of the same emperor of Byzantium who had the skull of St. Thomas safely landed on the shore of Patino. This particular emperor seems to have been rich in skulls. The high rulers of ancient days were accustomed to handling other people's skulls at random. This Alexis had an especial "hankering" for those which belonged to saints. So had Nero and the devil.

In the year of our Lord 730, in Philadelphia, Asia

Minor, the Russian Pachomius was martyred. It was the seventh day of May when the awful deed was done by the Turks, who retain their reputation to this day for sending good folks to heaven. The followers of him who drove the nineteen golden nails in a slab of jasper made every effort to convert this monk Pachomius to the Mohammedan religion; they even became emphatic, for when they failed to convince him they ceased their attack on his head and threw him down upon a stone floor, made his hands fast, put his legs across a timber, and whipped the soles of his bare feet; but failing in this gentle Moslem effort to convert him, they put an iron chain about his neck and hacked pieces of flesh out with their swords. Finally they killed him with a sabre gash in the head, which cut may be seen in the skull to this day. His body, which the Russians have offered much gold for, lies among the relics of holy men in the monastery of St. John, Patmos. When one is killed he is not necessitated to perform miracles; hence this monk is at rest, doing no wonders. But if one has lived like a saint, and has not been martyred, he must perform miracles with what remains of him or portions of it.

St. James is also represented in this bone treasury. In the year 44 A. D., this apostle met death in martyrdom, the first of the Twelve to die violently at the hands of strangers. He was called by the Master from the boats and nets to follow him, and he obeyed to the last. Herod Agrippa sentenced him to be beheaded. The false witness walked with him to the execution, and became annoyed when James showed no signs of fright, but was happy. The lying accuser was perplexed, and became a believer in the

same Lord; he was then likewise condemned to die the same hour, and with the same sword death claimed them both.

Cappadocian George—England's patron saint—is partially on Patmos. He became a great warrior, and gained the favor of the Roman Emperor Diocletian; his gallantry and bravery made him a high officer. But when the monarch began to persecute Christians, he was surprised to find his brilliant general present himself and declare himself a Christian. The emperor made efforts to have him, as a soldier, obey his commands to persecute; but failing, he became enraged and commanded instant torture and death. After being scourged and most barbarously mangled, the sabre stroke severed his head from his body.

A portion of the good and heroic deacon Stephen rests quietly here in the midst of the Icarian Sea. The sacred book tells about this proto-martyr, whose disciples were poor people. "And Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people. Then there arose certain of the synagogue, which is called the synagogue of the Libertines, and Cyrenians, and Alexandrians, and of them of Cilicia and of Asia, disputing with Stephen. And they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake. Then they suborned men, which said, We have heard him speak blasphemous words against Moses, and against God. And they stirred up the people, and the elders, and the scribes, and came upon him, and caught him, and brought him to the council, and set up false witnesses, which said, This man ceaseth not to speak blasphemous words against this holy place, and the law: for we

have heard him say, that this Jesus of Nazareth shall destroy this place, and shall change the customs which Moses delivered us. And all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel. . . Ye stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? And they have slain them which shewed before of the coming of the Just One; of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers: who have received the law by the disposition of angels, and have not kept it. When they heard these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth. But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God. Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him: and the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul. And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep" (Acts 6 : 8-15; 7 : 51-60).

I was further informed how St. Jacob of Persia was cut up into small pieces. He was minister to the Persian king, a thousand and five hundred years ago. He was high servant at the court, an emphatic Christian, who was continually proclaiming his religion. It was because of his Chris-

tian teaching that he was destined to be divided up, which was to be done slowly, decently, and in good order. The executioner, having whetted his knife to a keen edge, seized his right hand and hacked it off. While performing this little act of amputation, St. Jacob of Persia did strenuously strive to edify the executioner by quoting from the book of Job : "In whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind." Then he seized his left hand and chopped it off, but Jacob was ready with another verse of Scripture from the book of Job: "Lo, their good is not in their hand ; the counsel of the wicked is far from me." His right foot was then seized, and it went the way of the hands, but as it went, St. Jacob was ready with this verse from the book of Job: "If I have walked with vanity, or if my foot hath hasted to deceit, let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know mine integrity." The other foot was then removed in like manner, and Job was again brought into play : "My foot hath held his steps ; his way have I kept, and not declined."

Paul and Silas had a religious service under great difficulties ; their feet were in stocks, their backs were probably on the floor, but the service they conducted was a great success. St. Paul in preaching did not always occupy a comfortable pulpit; soldiers were sometimes required to keep the multitude from being moved too much ; but then he was successful. But of all men of whom I have ever heard, I think this St. Jacob of Persia had the most uncomfortable religious service. Let us hope that his also had a favorable termination.

The monastery now has in stock the bones of more

than a hundred saints. Not only is the number of relics large, but the relics themselves are of an unusual size. It is customary to draft the relics into service, to assist the island physician in the cases of severe illness. But at such times, one skull, or at most two, is quite sufficient. When rain is wanted, it is another and more difficult matter. Then it is that all the relics are brought out. [Consult Pinch in "Comedy of Errors," Act 4, scene 4: "I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man, to yield possession to my holy prayers, and to thy state of darkness hie thee straight; I conjure thee by *all the saints* in heaven!"] A great procession is organized on Patmos, and they march by day and by night, singing and praying and carrying all the saints they have. It was not explained to me why their entire army of saint-relics had to be called into the field to get rain. I was informed that the effort never failed. My commentary is this, that if the sky has any feeling it would weep at such a sight, if at all. There is this to be said in favor of this marching, carrying, and praying; that they are persistent and keep it up till the rain comes. As much as we may be inclined to disagree with this performance, yet there is admiration for their praying and believing that God will hear and answer prayer. A gentleman on the island said that "The people do not think that the relics cause the rain, but that God gives it in answer to the prayers of his children, while the presence of the relics helps the prayers"; to which my friend replied, "Would not God be quite willing to hear his children without the presence of the bones?"

One Sabbath day I went to "The Green," in Glasgow, to hear outdoor preaching, but listened to a man who was

evidently an infidel. It was not many minutes before some of the college boys came with a baby organ, and played and sang and prayed and preached. When the service was completed, they announced a meeting in the "Wooden Tent." I went along, wondering what a wooden tent could be. There it was, a great skeleton building, shaped much like a tent; sawdust was on the ground, and the people had to sit on backless seats. A bright young man, talking about prayer, said: "In the western part of the United States, it is said there is a rain-making machine. (Laughter.) They send a balloon up full of an explosive, and when at the right height, a man touches it off from the ground by sending an electric current up the wire; then a great explosion occurs, and the concussion makes it rain. (More laughter.) But I have heard that one time they got the rain started, and it rained and rained, and they could not get it stopped. (Great laughter.) Now, friends, if you want showers of blessings, send prayers up, and God will send blessings down; and when they begin coming into your life you will find it hard to stop them and you won't want to." I am convinced that the prayers of the dwellers of Patmos need not the assistance of relics.

If the bones cause frequent thought of the deeds and death of the faithful of other ages, and if the example of life as well as of death assists people to nobler living, and project into human life a more Christlike spirit, it may be well to have the relics. But there are dangers, and it appears to me wholly unnecessary to bring such lifeless helps as these to Christianity. The power of the religion of Christ lies in the fact that the Author and Founder himself lives.



**PERSECUTIONS**  
**THE DEATH OF THE EVANGELIST JOHN**



## III

### PERSECUTIONS—THE DEATH OF THE EVANGELIST JOHN



T will be helpful for us to have in mind some of the surroundings of St. John other than those of the place amid which he wrote.

The sixth emperor of Rome was the Cæsar to whom the appeal was sent by St. Paul when he was brought before Festus for trial. This emperor was the famous Nero, who began to rule when but sixteen years of age. His mother, that emphatically wicked woman, Agrippina, poisoned the Emperor Claudius, her husband, and his son, and thus made vacant the throne to receive the wicked Nero.

It was not long until the mother of Nero objected to some of his nefarious schemes. This angered the emperor, and caused him to have contrived a most ingenious device for the ridding of himself of his mother's presence. He sent her to her summer palace in a boat, which was so constructed that by the push of a single button by one of the oarsmen the craft fell into a thousand pieces; but Agrippina succeeded in reaching shore, only to be executed by the sword. She dug a pit and fell in it herself. Like the cup-bearer who brought a golden bowl with poison mixed in the beverage, and was compelled by the prince to swallow what was intended for him, the crowned head; like one who has sent a shaft from his bow, aimed at another, only to find the dart

returning and fastening its deadly point in his own heart; this murderer saw as her own the doom she had prepared for another.

From this time on Nero grew fierce and morose, and had many people executed for the purpose of obtaining their wealth. It is confidently asserted that he had the city of Rome fired, that he might have the gratification of observing the conflagration and be thus able to write a great poem. Six of the fourteen districts of the city being destroyed at that time, the people became incensed at this atrocious act, so much so that the Roman guards were commanded to circulate the report that the city had been set on fire by the Christians. Nero then had the Christians hunted down in the most characteristic fashion, slaying and torturing them in such a horrible manner as to arouse the better feelings in the hearts of the hard-hearted people. It is said that some of the Christians were seized and sewed up in skins of wild beasts, and then ravenous dogs were set loose upon them and their flesh was torn quivering from the bones. They were taken and bound, covered with wool and smeared with pitch, then tied firmly to large poles, and these poles planted in a row in front of one of the balconies of his superb palace. Then, surrounded by his serfs and high officers of State, he had fire applied to these martyrs, and as they were slowly consumed he called them "My torches." The Christians found it necessary to hold their religious services in the Catacombs, and in secret caves and niches in subterranean caverns. They met at night, and every precaution possible was taken that their place of meeting might not be discovered; but even under such circumstances they were pos-

sessed of the intensest missionary spirit. Many of the early Christians were flung to the lions. Aristarchus, and Nathan of Thessalonica, a convert and companion of St. Paul, who was present in Ephesus during the excitement begun by Demetrius, the silversmith, and was handled very roughly on that occasion, accompanied St. Paul through Greece and finally went with him to Rome, where he was seized, and executed by the sharp sword of the Roman Nero.

There is also a record remaining which tells of Trophimus, who was born in Ephesus and became a Christian under the powerful preaching of the mighty Paul, the same whom the Jews accused St. Paul of bringing into the temple, which resulted in the violent outbreak when Lysias, the Roman captain, came with a force of armed men and rescued St. Paul from the angry mob. They seized Trophimus, and violent hands were laid upon him because of his faith in Jesus Christ, the Nazarene, and his blood was shed by the order of the same Nero. This human monster, Nero, finally died by his own hand to escape the swords of those whom he had so outraged.

It was at the time of the perpetration of such terrible deeds that St. John lived ; and that he, who was most representative of the teachings of Christ should suffer persecution is not in the least surprising. In comparison, however, with the suffering of others, his was as a bed of roses to couches of flame. He, who was the youngest of all the apostles, preserved throughout his long life, amid trouble and persecution, that sweet demeanor and consecrated life which made his soul like that of his Master. He, the Evangelist and Seer, went to prison at Patmos, others to the lions and the stake.

The fall of Jerusalem gives us a chapter filled with scenes of carnage of the most awful sort; but, strange to say, the Christians who lived in the city fled and escaped to the hills, and thus were spared from suffering the horrible fate of the Jewish inhabitants of the city of David. Stephen had been stoned to death; James, the son of Zebedee, beheaded; Philip of Galilee crucified; Matthew horribly cut with a sword; Mark, after being dragged through the streets of Venice, was burned; James, the brother of John, mobbed; Matthias stoned and beheaded; Andrew three days on the cross; Peter crucified, head downward; Paul beheaded; Jude crucified; Bartholomew clubbed; Thomas speared. What a history for John to look back upon! Yet he did not write about these martyrdoms.

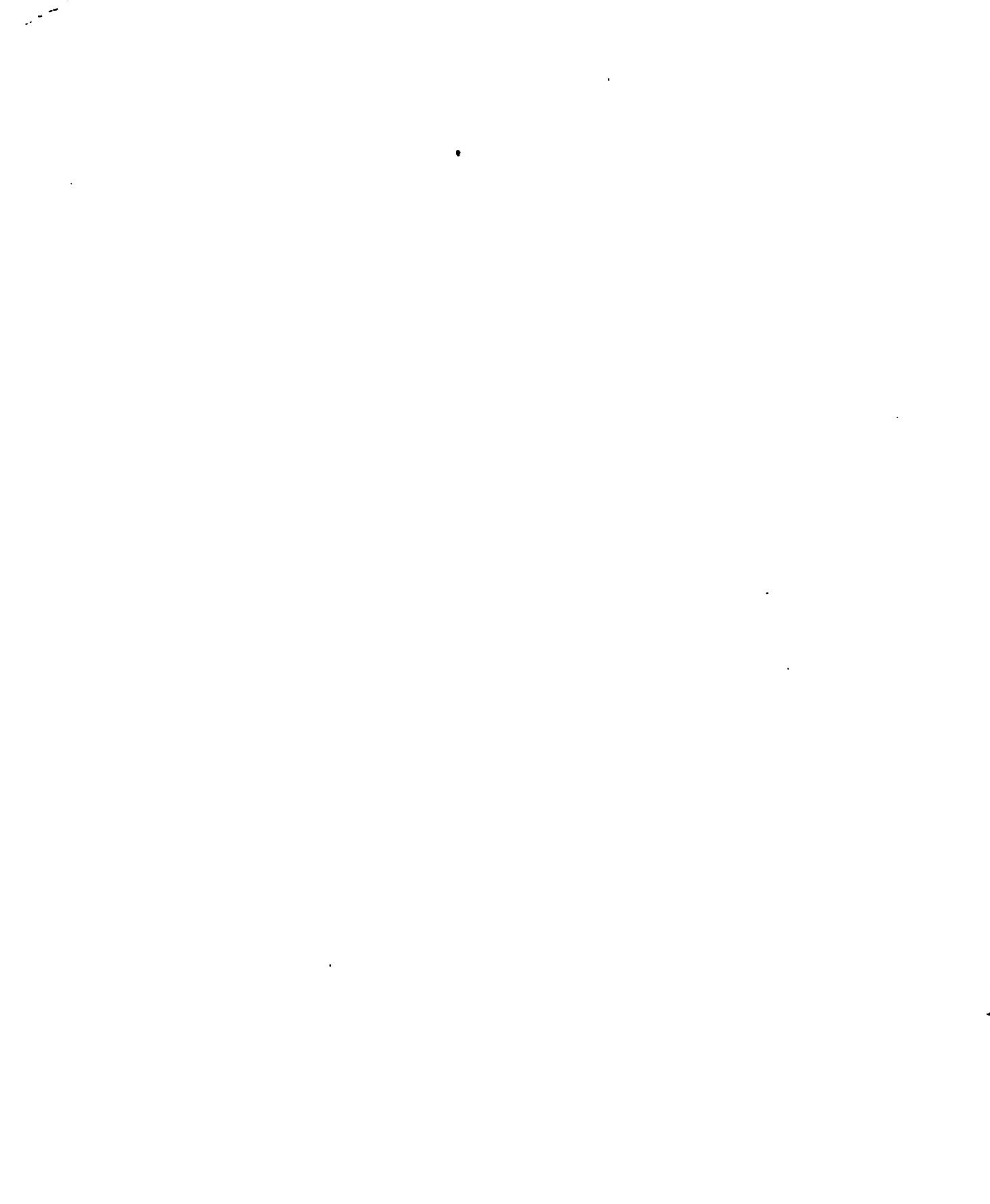
The Roman Emperor Domitian, was as savage and ferocious as a starved and maddened wild beast. It was during his reign that John was banished from the great city of Ephesus to the barren and idolatrous island of Patmos. At that time the Christians were charged with holding disorderly and rebellious midnight gatherings; they were accused of having a spirit of insurrection; of cutting up their children and eating them as cannibals do. If the ground trembled with the earthquake's shock, or if the people were afflicted with pestilence, or any calamities whatever, the Romans declared that it was the acts of their gods, calling for punishment upon the followers of the Nazarene. Some of the Christians were killed by stoning; some were hung up by the feet to the limbs of trees, and thus left to die a slow death; others had their backs bared, and were cut and gashed and slashed with sharp pieces of iron; others were fastened to

stakes and fagots placed in a circle about them, and the fire so carefully tended that they were consumed as slowly as possible; others were placed upon beds of spikes; and others were drawn apart, so that every joint in the body was dislocated. Some were flung headlong from high places; others were compelled to jump upon the horns of wild bulls; many were sent to beasts which were mad with hunger; some were fastened between planks and then sawed through their whole length. Ingenuity was stretched to the utmost to provide novel and death-delaying tortures. It was in such times as these that he whom Jesus loved, John the Evangelist, thought, moved, preached, and lived.

The persecutions went on after the death of John, some believing that the writer of the Revelation died on his one hundredth birthday, and that he died a natural death. The persecutions continued; and even the perpetrators of these dreadful crimes were often deeply moved by the sufferings endured. History tells of many who were converted at the time of the shedding of Christian blood; they themselves stepped to the stake, the lion's den, or the headsman's block, with Christlike fortitude. On a mountain, long before, the blessed Christ had said: "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you" (Matt. 5: 11, 12). Having shared in his sufferings they entered into his glory.



## **JOHN AND THE REVELATION**



## IV

### JOHN AND THE REVELATION



ITH the picture of persecutions still in mind, I invite you to sit on the north battlements, on the top of the monastery of St. John, island of Patmos, and listen to this little essay on the Holy Spirit's control of the evangelist, to call to mind the clay in the hand of the potter, making a vessel unto honor.

In the midst of the whirling, destroying, and thunderous cyclone, there is a calm center where a little child might rest as quietly and sweetly as in its mother's arms. John's life was a restful one. The peace of God which passeth all understanding kept his soul quiet.

Here, amid the seven mountains of Patmos, I look away toward the circle of the cities of the Seven Letters, and think of the great men of other and long past ages—men great in poetry, finance, statesmanship, history, medicine, painting, sculpture, and Christianity. I am thinking of such as Thales of Miletus, Homer, Crœsus, Herodotus, Apollo-dorus, Apelles, Praxiteles, Paul, Timothy, and Polycarp.

Here amidst the seven wise men,  
Here amidst the seven wonders of the world,  
Here amidst the seven heathen gods,  
Jupiter, Diana, Apollo, Cybele, Bacchus, Æsculapius, and Homer.

St. John, in writing the last book of the Great Volume, mentions not even the names of these. He was certainly under the influence of a higher power. "Such ideas as Calypso and the Sirens, the Tritons and the Nereides, the dangerous charms of the sea, with its caresses at once so sensuous and so deadly—all those feelings which have found inimitable expression in the 'Odyssey'—all such things entirely escape his imagination. For days together he was in the face of Mount Mycale, without thinking once of the victory of the Hellenes over the Persians, the most glorious which has ever been gained, next after Marathon and Thermopylæ. Placed thus in the very midst of the greatest Greek creations, at a few leagues from Samos, from Cos, from Miletus, and from Ephesus, he dreamt about other things than the colossal genius of Pythagoras, of Hippocrates, of Thales, or of Heraclitus; for him the glorious memories of Greece had no existence." So spake one who could not be accused of a friendly feeling for either the writer or Dictator of the Revelation. But the enemies of Jesus Christ testified when our Lord was crucified, "He believed in God," and "He saved others," intending to do harm they really did good, and helped to form a mighty web of testimony which has stopped and held many a soul at first skeptical, but now by using the evidence given by enemies, fully believing.

It is worthy of notice that St. John does not describe, nor even mention, either of the two terrible persecutions, Nero's and Domitian's. He speaks not of the slaying of any of those who counted not their lives as dear to them for the sake of Christ their Lord. So entirely directed is he by

the Holy Spirit, that even the destruction of Jerusalem and the temple, which occurred but a quarter of a century before, is not mentioned. Had an uninspired man written the Revelation, he would most likely have given much time and space to the fall of the Jewish capital. We should have expected something like this : "The Romans fought their way up the marble steps of the splendid building, which were slippery with blood, and covered with the bodies of the slain. Titus hoped to take the temple without destroying it, for the beautiful structure was one of the wonders of the world ; but a soldier threw a torch through one of the golden latticed windows, and soon the rich curtains and hangings were ablaze. Titus had only time to glance in upon the rich marble and golden interior of the temple, and so save a few such treasures as could be quickly carried away, when the flames drove him out, and soon afterward the magnificent building fell in ruins. Thus the temple built by Herod, to construct which eighteen thousand men had labored . . . was utterly destroyed."

So completely is John "in the Spirit," that he does not describe the scenery of the *Ægean*, nor even the island of Patmos ; he refers not to the twelve thousand inhabitants ; he speaks not of the temple to the "Lord of heaven" ; nor of the image of Artemis, nor of the priests of the heathen gods. "There remains, however, the further question whether, during the revelation of the Apocalypse, he was conscious of surrounding objects in such a sense that this landscape was, as it were, the proscenium on which the figures of the vision appeared."

Dean Stanley, during his journey in the East in com-

pany with the Prince of Wales, visited the island of Patmos and I quote from his "Sermons in the East":

"He (St. John) stood on the heights of Patmos, in the center of a world of his own. The island, then probably less inhabited than now [the ruins indicate a much larger population] was almost a solitude. 'He was in the Spirit,' withdrawn from earthly things, like Moses on Sinai, Elijah on Carmel. But the view from the topmost peak, or indeed, from any lofty elevation in the island, unfolds an unusual sweep, such as well became the 'Apocalypse,' the 'unveiling' of the future to the eyes of the solitary seer. It was 'a great and high mountain,' whence he could see things to come. Above, there was always the broad heaven of a Grecian sky; sometimes bright, with its white clouds, sometimes torn with lightnings and thunderings, and darkened by 'great hail,' or cheered with 'a rainbow like unto an emerald.' Over the high tops of Icaria, Samos, and Naxos rise the mountains of Asia Minor, amongst which would lie, to the north, the circle of the Seven Churches to which his addresses were to be sent. Around him stood the mountains and islands of the archipelago—'every mountain and island shall be moved out of their places'; 'every island fled away, and the mountains were not found.' At his feet lay Patmos itself, like a huge serpent, its rocks contorted into the most fantastic and grotesque forms, which may well have suggested the 'beasts' with many heads and monstrous figures, the 'huge dragon,' struggling for victory—a connection as obvious as that which has often been recognized between the strange shapes on the Assyrian monuments and the prophetic symbols in the visions of Ezekiel and Daniel. When he stood

'on the sand of the sea,' the sandy beach at the foot of the hill, he would see these strange shapes 'rise out of the sea' which rolled before him. When he looked around, above or below, 'the sea' would always occupy the foremost place. He saw 'the things that are in the heavens and in the earth and in the sea.' The angel was 'not to hurt the earth or the sea,' nor 'to blow on the earth or on the sea.' 'A great mountain,' like that of the volcanic Thera, 'as it were burning with fire,' was 'to be cast into the sea.' The angel was to stand with 'his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth'; 'the vial was to be poured out upon the sea'; and the voices of heaven were like the sound of the waves beating on the shore, as 'the sound of many waters'; 'the millstone was cast into the sea'; 'the sea was to give up the dead which were in it'; and the time would come when this wall of his imprisonment, which girded round the desolate island, should have ceased; 'there shall be no more sea.'"

Beautiful and suggestive this from Dean Stanley; but that St. John had any thought of the scenery at the time of the revelation I have the gravest doubts. Let us remember that his only certain reference to the island is in Rev. 1:9: "I John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ."

He was an old man, and it is natural for such to speak of bygone times; but he does not; and he gives an explanation by saying (Rev. 1:10, 11): "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the

last : and, What thou seest, write in a book, and send it." He sees not islands, prison guards, or heathen temples, but this is what he sees : " I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks ; and in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow ; and his eyes were as a flame of fire ; and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace ; and his voice as the sound of many waters. And he had in his right hand seven stars : and out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword : and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength " (Rev. 1 : 12-16).

## **THE GEOGRAPHY OF PATMOS**



## V

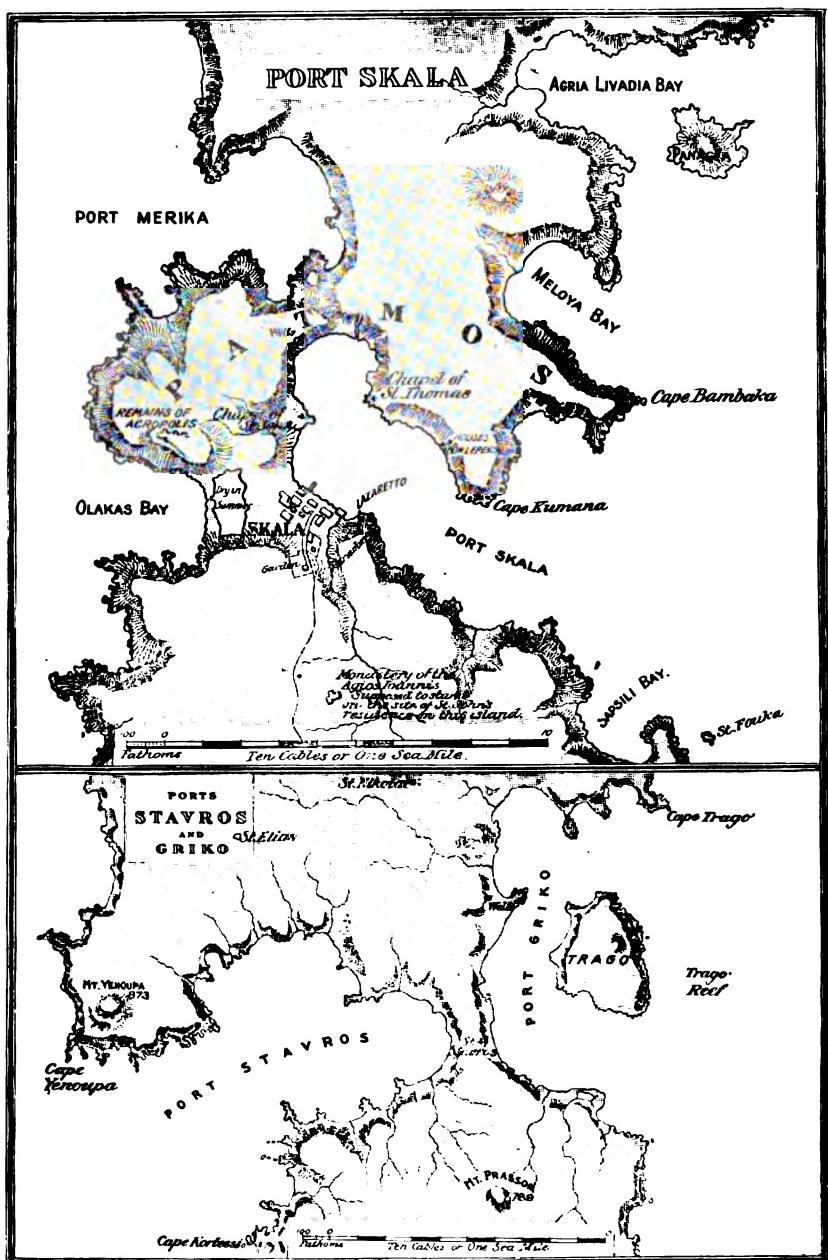
## THE GEOGRAPHY OF PATMOS



OMER, who immortalized so many islands of the archipelago, does not mention Patmos, which is usually called Patino, and by the Italians Palmosa. The name Palmosa was likely given to the island because of the large number of palm trees found there at one time, though they have now entirely disappeared. Patino is said by some to come from the act of Neptune, who trampled it under his feet. Bochart says: "The island was once covered with terebinths, and derives the name of Patmos from the Syrian translation of it." This has the appearance of plausibility; since it has taken one name from the palms once numerous, why not also from the trees existent centuries before? By reason of the many bays and corresponding capes the circumference of the island is not absolutely known, though it is presumed to be about forty miles. The greatest length is eleven miles, and the width at the narrow-point is but a few hundred feet. There are twelve principal capes and a very great number of bays; I counted eleven large ones. There are four excellent ports, and mountains cut the sky like the mountains of Bashan. The island is in the form of a crescent, or rather so it impresses one when occupying one of the roofs of the monastery of St. John. From that point of vantage the observer discovers that the

island naturally divides into three sections. The largest division is the northern, which continues to belong to the people, and is connected by a narrow strip of sand with the second section, which is owned by the monastery of St. John, which in turn is joined to the third by a similar neck of small pebbles. This third portion is also a part of the possessions of the great cloister. On the middle portion the two villages of Patmos are located, that of Scala, and the larger one of Phora, and almost all of historical interest is connected with the middle division. The four harbors may be divided into two groups. The port of Merika is separated from the bay of Scala by a sand belt, probably three hundred feet in width. The first haven is toward the west, the second toward the east. The inlet of Stavros is opposite the cove of Greko, which has in it the uninhabited island of Trago.

Patmos is a wild and barren island, of a brownish color, due not only to the lava formation of the rocks, but to the heather and shrub arbutus which reminds one of Scottish scenery. There is but one roadway of any importance, and that extends from Scala to Phora by way of the monastery of St. John. This highway was constructed a hundred years or more ago by a monk of some financial ability. It is paved with stones, and at the steeper parts there are large steps. One of the first things I did upon arriving on the island was to test this pathway. I mounted a donkey with a merchandise saddle, similar to one I had seen used in Jerusalem for transporting stone. It was triangular, and one felt a great deal as if three fences had been crossed, one upright, one leaning against one side, and the other leaning against the other side of the perpendicular fence, and all



THE TWO PRINCIPAL PORTS OF PATMOS.

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these fences in a state of eruption. I found it necessary for my own sake to dismount occasionally and get a rest. The stones were very uneven in this road, and while the donkeys are reliable, so much cannot be said of the road. Some of the roadways are in the beds of brooks and streams, long since dried up, due likely to the cutting down of the forests which once covered the mountains. Some may, however, be winter torrents.

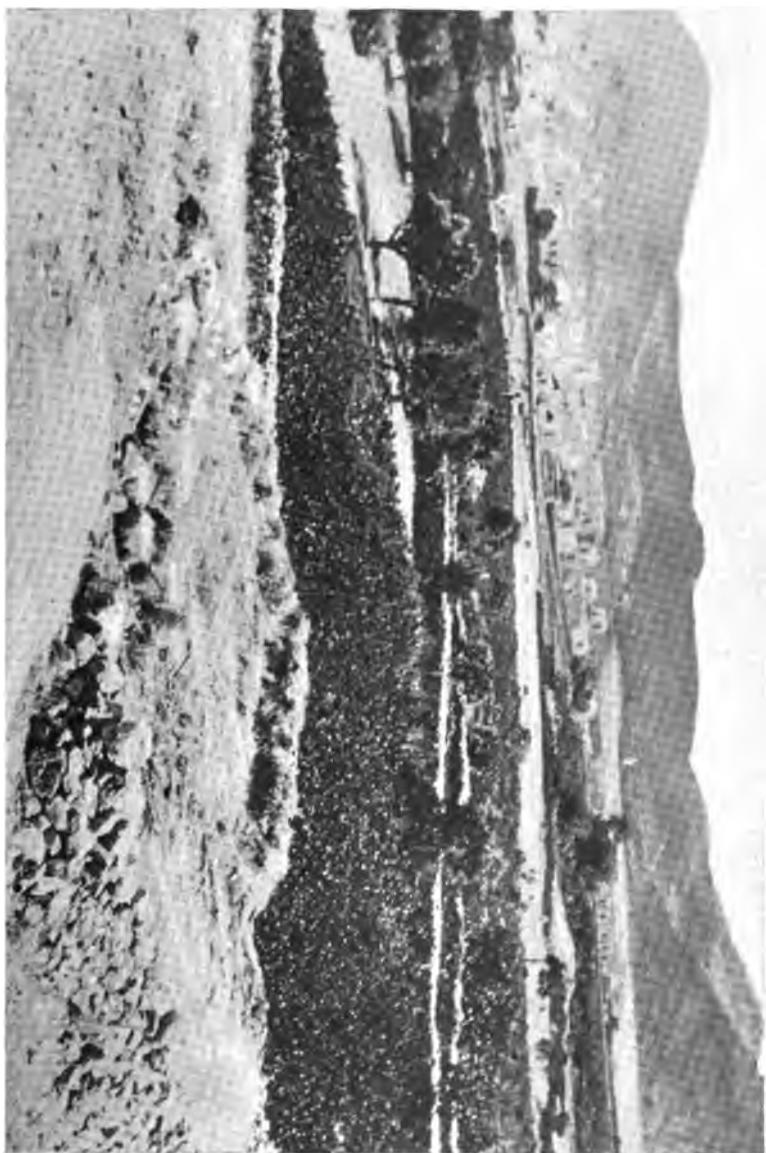
"Patmos has, like all other islands in the archipelago, an azure sea, limpid atmosphere, serene sky, great rocks with jagged edges slightly covered here and there with a scanty coating of verdure. The general appearance of the island itself is bare and barren, but the shapes and tints of the rocks, and the living blue of the sea, speckled with white birds and contrasted with the reddish color of the boulders, form a wonderful picture. The myriads of isles and islets of the most varied formation, which rise from the waves like pyramids or shields, and dance an eternal chorus around the horizon, seem to be a fairy world belonging to a cycle of sea gods and Oceanides, leading a bright life of love, of youth, and of sadness, in sea-green grottoes upon shores without mystery, by turns smiling or terrible, sunny or dark."

This was probably written by one who had never been on the isle called Patmos. During a week of research spent in the great British Museum Library, where books are counted by the million, I discovered that most of what I read describing the prison isle had been written by persons who knew nothing about it from personal experience. But the description of this quotation is good, and withal well placed.

I was impressed, as I have since learned was the Marquis of Bute, by the similarity of Patmos scenery to that of the coast of Scotland. Hills and glens abound in the one as in the other. The masses of rock and stone are sprinkled here and there with a bushy herbage. There is little cultivated land on the island, which is not due to the improvident habits of the natives, but is rather because of the want of soil. The cultivated land is very largely confined to the bays and the few glens. I discovered, however, up the sides, even very near the top of the highest mountain peaks, that after laborious effort little patches of garden had been obtained. The landscape, while limited, is in sufficient variety to occupy one's attention for a long stay. There is an abundance of stone wall separating the different small farms. The fact is that stone walls predominate both under and above the surface. It is difficult to find anywhere an island which is so cut up, indented, serrated with a multitude of ports and capes, and with such a small extent as Patmos. Seen from the sea, it does not appear to be entirely void of vegetation, on account of the underbrush with which some of the mountains are covered. This gives it, seen from afar, an appearance of fertility of soil that is almost entirely lacking.

There are four most excellent natural ports. The best of them is Port Scala, where a vessel can take refuge and be safe, however hard the winds may blow and however high may be the sea. There is little doubt that Patmos would not have been troubled with so frequent visits from pirates, had it not been for the natural advantages gained by these seafaring robbers. It is near this port of Scala that the hill

A THRESHING FLOOR.



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of the Acropolis stands. It is on this hill, which is connected with the northern section by a double beach and the middle section by a strip of land, a portion of which is covered by water at certain seasons of the year, that ancient fortifications can yet be traced. Here may be found primitive bricks, buried amidst the grain and large Hellenic blocks. The "Mountain of the Castle," this height is called in the parlance of the island. Here was located the city and stronghold of Patmos in the days of St. John. One can readily observe that on two sides there was little need of additional walls for protection, because of the steepness and height of the rocks ; but on the other two sides massive masonry was constructed, with bastions and towers, and very probably reached down to where the present village of Scala is located. At the wharf I observed four or five beautiful white marble columns, cut and carved in true Greek fashion, and once very likely standing in the portico of some splendid temple to a heathen god, now used as mooring posts. Whether at that time, or centuries since, cannot be told, the upper portion of the island was used as a place of interment.

Grain now grows where the ancient city once stood. The present village of Scala has only existed in recent times. It was formerly necessary for the inhabitants to dwell in the immediate vicinity of the monastery because of insecurity, but now being safe, they are located very close to the site of the former capital of the island.

The port La Scala was called in ancient times Phora. It is mentioned by Prochorus in a manuscript entitled, "The Journey of St. John the Theologian." He declares that the evangelist landed there, which I think was altogether

likely. He suggests that the governor resided in Phora, so there seems to be little question but what here was located the capital, at least for a time. There is another manuscript written by Nikitas, sometime archbishop of Thessalonica, who mentions the same village but spells the name differently. He called it Pthora. Baunard refers to a long inscription which has been found, whereon is mentioned a hippodrome on Patmos; also that torch races, which were one of the favorite games of the Greeks, were celebrated on the island. If there was a circus on Patmos, it was most likely situated near Pthora. I wonder if Evangelist John held revival meetings in the hippodrome? The name La Scala was adopted in 1561 A. D.

About a quarter of a mile east of this port are two small islands. The first one is only a rock; and the second, Khelia, which has reminded some writers of a pyramid, is about half a mile in circumference. These inlets are owned by the monastery of St. John. Nobody lives on them, but the larger one is occasionally used as a pasture for cattle. These miniature islands are important, according to the notion of the navigators, because they protect the port from the wind.

Some of the houses in La Scala are thought to be four hundred years old. Numbers of them are partially or altogether constructed of stone brought down from the Acropolis. I stopped at a well just outside of the village, and there saw a curiously chiseled stone, which was no doubt at one time a portion of a column—very likely a section of a pillar in an ancient temple, which is thought to have occupied the highest point of the Acropolis. It is near by that a writer.

THE HARBOR OF LA SCALA.



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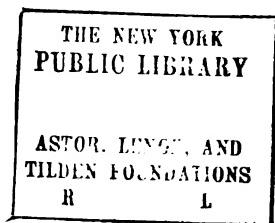
of the sixteenth century says he saw a fresh water lake, because at one season of the year there is a large pond of water, which when it reaches a certain height, runs through a canal-like aperture westward into the sea. This pond of water dries up in the summer time. It was near here that the quarries were located whence came the stone for the ancient buildings. These quarries were on the western side of the mountains, and the stone was of a grayish color and porous.

In 1817 a traveler discovered the fortifications and located the Acropolis. The walls were of the coarse porphyry of the island, and were full seven feet in thickness. Remains of one of the towers measure thirty feet square—quite a formidable stronghold in the days of arrows, slings, and ladders. Stones nicely fitted together, without mortar, six feet long, and large in proportion, are still to be seen. The circumference of the Acropolis is about half a mile. The ground is now covered with underbrush, and much broken pottery can be found. M. Guerin thinks that there must have stood a statue in the middle of the citadel, for he discovered a rock cut out in a half-base, which seemed to have been the foundation of it. The city was at least two thousand yards in circumference. Here and there may be seen pieces of beautiful stone, and near by, on a little hill, is a house for beasts, built entirely of such material. It is called the ancient stable, and the shepherds use it as a cattle pen. There are no rivers on the island, and only a solitary spring. This, located in the garden of the saint, is said to have had a miraculous origin. Farther south the iron mines were located.

The island is one of the archipelago, situated in the Icarian Sea, and lies, in a straight line, nearly one hundred and sixty miles from Athens, and about forty miles from the nearest coast of Asia. Patmos was on Paul's right when sailing from Samos to Cos (Acts 20 : 15, 16 ; and 21 : 1). "And we sailed thence, and came the next day over against Chios; and the next day we arrived at Samos, and tarried at Trogylgium ; and the next day we came to Miletus. For Paul was determined to sail by Ephesus, because he would not spend the time in Asia : for he hasted, if it were possible for him, to be at Jerusalem the day of Pentecost." "And it came to pass, that after we were gotten from them, and had launched, we came with a straight course unto Coos, and the day following unto Rhodes, and from thence unto Patara."

The fauna of the island is interesting. There are three species of serpents. One is called "the arrow." It is long and slender, and has a curious motion like a dart. Red-legged partridges abound. "I should mention here that the only partridges in the Greek Islands are those with red legs, which are likewise found on the continent of Asia, and in the southern countries of Europe. In some of the Cyclades, where the inhabitants are too poor to expend very much money for gunpowder, they have a practice of chasing them on foot till the birds are so wearied as to be easily taken with the hand. Does not this illustrate 1 Sam. 26 : 20, which speaks of Saul pursuing David 'as when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains'?"

There are a few sheep and goats, and some donkeys, but horses are scarce ; cats live there in abundance, and





A PATMOS LANDSCAPE.

dogs, rats, mice, swine, cows (not many), chickens, and birds that are found on the *Ægean Islands.*

As to the flora of the island, I observed familiar house plants, such as geraniums, etc. Heather is in great quantities, and shrub arbutus. I saw a few small cypress trees, possibly one short palm, and several orange, lemon, carob, mulberry, olive, oak trees, and figs. Prickly pear flourishes.

Among vegetables (I do not claim to be making a complete list) carrots, onions, potatoes, tomatoes, peas, beans, corn, and melons are found. There are some grapes, and I think a little tobacco is raised, and a very limited amount of wheat. The climate is semi-tropical. The former malarial complaints have disappeared. Leprosy is now unknown, and consumption, which is so prevalent in the Sultan's empire, does not prevail on Patmos.

Tournefort, who took a voyage into the Levant early in the present century, says : "There are hardly three hundred men in Patmos, and at least twenty women for one man ; they are naturally pretty, but disfigure themselves so with paint as to be absolutely frightful ; yet that is far from their intention, for ever since a certain merchant of Marseilles married one of them for her beauty, they fancy there's not a stranger comes thither but to make a like purchase. They looked on us as very odd fellows, and seemed to be mightily surprised when they were told we only came to search for plants, for they imagined, on our arrival, that we should carry into France at least a dozen wives."

The female population continues to predominate, but it seems almost impossible that the other portion of the description is accurate. A traveler who visited the island

some forty years ago remarks that he found the people very dirty; and makes especial mention of the women as being beautiful, but a bundle of filth; and that many were dying of yellow fever. Nothing of the above applies at the present time. A breezy, healthful place to live is Patmos.

## **GEORGIRENE'S DESCRIPTION OF PATMOS**

TO THE MOST HIGH PRINCE OF ROYAL BIRTH

# James



DUKE OF YORK, ETC.

JOSEPH GEORGIRENES

OF SAMOS

THE LEAST OF ARCHBISHOPS  
OFFERS HIS MOST HUMBLE REVERENCE

1677 A. D.

## *Epistle Dedicatory*

*Because this work may seem to want that  
Elegance, or depth of learning, requisite for  
a Book that must appear upon the Stage of  
England, it stands in need of shelter and  
protection. Which put me upon the bold  
necessity of flying to the Shadow of your  
Royal Highness' patronage, to escape the  
Scorchings of Contempt, and with all humble  
Reverence, to Shelter it under the umbrage  
of your Royal Highness' propitious name.*

## VI

### GEORGIRENE'S DESCRIPTION OF PATMOS



HE island of Patmos, now called Patino, is thirty-six miles in compass, forty miles from the continent of Asia, toward Ephesus. The figure is neither round nor square, but irregular, by reason of unequal promontories and bays. It is furnished with very commodious havens, to which it owes its being inhabited, though not so extensively as in former times, as appears by the many and great ruins in it. This island was eminent for those wonderful revelations which the blessed Apostle and Evangelist St. John had in it during his banishment thither in the time of the persecution under Domitian. The substance of what is related in that "Life of St. John," that goes by the name "Prochorus," is generally believed in Patmos to this day. And though the author might be of later years than Prochorus, the disciple of St. John, as the most judicious historians of later days do pronounce him to be, yet that the whole contents of that book should be a mere fable, and nothing but the product of the author's invention and fancy is very improbable. For though he might take great liberty in the manner and circumstance of what he relates, yet the matter and substance were built upon some foundation of real truth; and such many books now not extant, and the streams of tradition then nearer the fountain, but now

run dry, might acquaint him with. That the islanders, at St. John's first coming, were all idolaters, had people possessed with devils, and were misled with magicians, is more than probable. That St. John's casting a devil out of young Apollonides, had a great influence on the people's conversation, and raised him the enmity of a magician and all that he could draw after him, is a thing reasonably creditable. The name of Kynops, the magician, is known to all the people to this day. Yea, not without some very improbable circumstances of the story, that St. John should cause him to jump twice into the sea, and the second time to be turned into a rock, which now bears his name. However, it is no small credit to a place, otherwise very inconsiderable, that the great apostle, once the peculiarly beloved disciple, who of all the apostles did alone survive our Saviour's judicial coming into his kingdom of power, and vengeance upon the Jewish nation, that he should be no small time the inhabitant of this island and there pen that mysterious and sublime book, which to him indeed was Apocalypse, but to all others Apocrypha; to him a revelation, but to us yet an hidden mystery, like the former prophecies of the Old Testament, that were never rightly understood till actually fulfilled. The tradition of this island is very positive, that he writ his Gospel here likewise, and that upon the request of the islanders, who at his departure after seven years' abode in the island, did importune him to leave them in writing what they ought to believe; whereupon he stayed eight days longer to dictate the Gospel to his disciples that writ it.

They add more, that as he was beginning the work, there happened a great thunder and earthquake, whereupon,

looking up to heaven, he spake these words : " In the beginning was the Word." Besides, it is a most confirmed tradition that the cavern, which now goes by the name of the Holy Grotto, was made by the rupture of the earth in that earthquake. The original of this island, as it is at this day, is ascribed to St. Christodoulos in the days of Alexis Comnenus.

It was Alexis Comnenus, the first of that name, in whose days began the holy war, who reigned the last twenty years of the eleventh century and the first eighteen of the twelfth, and was contemporary with William the Conqueror and Godfrey of Bouillon. This Christodoulos was abbott of Latros, and had jurisdiction over some twenty monasteries in Asia, near a great lake, about a day's journey and a half from Ephesus. He being molested by the Turks (whose power now mightily increased in Asia), obtained leave of the emperor to build a monastery in Patmos, whither having transported his wealth and family, he built a monastery near the port of Nestia, and named it Rouvali.

But not liking the place (and as the tradition goes, being warned by a vision and a voice from heaven), he quitted that monastery and built another in the highest part of the island, and fortified it with a strong castle, environed with high and strong walls ; and there he built a church. The inhabitants that lay scattered in the isle desired leave to build huts near the monastery, for their better shelter and defense in case of any sudden attack by pirates. In process of time their huts were changed into fair houses, and by trade and commerce became a great town, to the number of eight hundred houses, and were inhabited by rich merchants that traded into all

parts. But the many revolutions that have happened since have eclipsed the former glory of the place, and their ships of merchandise are all dwindled into small fisher-boats, and the inhabitants are all extremely poor. About half a mile from this place stands the Holy Grotto, where St. John the Evangelist is said to have writ the Apocalypse. Here is a small monastery. . . The inhabitants of the neighboring borough pay great devotion to this place. They talk here of a fig tree whose figs have naturally the CHARACTERS OF THE WORD APOCALYPSE.

1. The best port of this island and of all the archipelago, on the west side toward Naxos, is called Scala, or the Wharf, because of a wharf of stone for the convenient lading and unlading of ships. Beside this port stands an entire village called Phocas, without an inhabitant. Here is likewise, among old ruins, a church yet standing which they say was built in St. John's days, and they show something like a pulpit where they say St. John used to preach. . . Two miles hence are the ruins of an old town called Platys Gialos, or the Broadshore, but now it is covered with shrub arbutus, which the Greeks call *coumara* in old Greek; it bears a fruit like a strawberry, but much bigger. . . Beside the port of Diacopti is a steep rock of a very great height, which they call Kynops, from the magician in St. John's days, whom people report to have lodged in a great cave in this rock, which cave they yet believe to be haunted by devils. For once letting down a man into it by a cord, for curiosity, to see what was in the cave, they pulled him up dead. . .

The island villages are Livadi, Vagie, well beset with vines and fig trees, Megalocampos, rich in the same fruits,

and with a lake well stored with fish, Hagio Theophanes, from a church there dedicated to that saint, and built by St. Christodoulos, and Lazousa, close by the sea, near to which are hot springs of water that cure many diseases.

The island is well stored with vines, fig trees, lemon and orange trees, and corn sufficient for the inhabitants, if they could keep what they have free from the robbery of pirates, as well Christian as Mohammedan, who often pillage the poor people who have no other remedy than patience. . . . The Patmians complain more of the cruelty of the Christian pirates than of the Turks. And though the islanders have procured charters and patents from the pope, the king of France, from the State of Venice, from the dukes of Tuscany, from the Grand Master of Malta, to secure them from the injuries of Christian corsairs, it is so far from prevailing upon them to withhold their hands from rapine, that it does but provoke them to more fierceness. Yet these pirates sometimes are made the visible objects of divine vengeance. About six years ago, the Marquis de Fleury, who carried away not only the grazing, but the working cattle, had got no farther than Paros, till his ship sunk in the port and he was taken prisoner and brought into custody at Corfou, by the Venetians. . . .

Let us now return to the state and government of the place. The whole island was given by Alexis Comnenus to Christodoulos and his successors in the monastery, and the islands near about that were not inhabited. And what culture they bestow on the little islands, or what cattle they put to grazing there, becomes all a prey to the corsairs; so that the revenues of the monastery are now much dimin-

ished and the monks become extremely poor. And his son, Calo Johannes, gave also fourteen villages in Candie; but the Turks left them but one small hospital in Candie, which yields them two hundred dollars a year, whereas their revenues were before at least thirteen thousand. Besides the great monastery, there is a little nunnery containing forty nuns. . . They purchase their living by their labor, for they have no revenue, only the abbott of the great monastery is obliged to supply them with a reverend ancient monk to do all sacred offices among them. Besides that, there are some small hermitages that maintain some few monks: The hermitage of the Holy Grotto of St. John the Divine; the hermitage of the Parasceve; the hermitage of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, lately built by a bishop of this last century; the hermitage called Asomati. Lastly, in a place called the Gardens, which furnish the monks' kitchen with all necessities, they have certain chapels consecrated for the laborers, at certain hours, to hear prayers and so retire to their work.

And this is the present condition of the Isle of Patmos, once famous for the residence of that great apostle, St. John, and for the great and mysterious revelation he had in it; but now groaning under the yoke of such lords as are common enemies to the Christian faith, by whom they are both kept in great awe and slavish obedience, and yet ill-protected against violent incursion of pirates and robbers, so that poverty is their best protection against rapine, and patience the only remedy against the grievous yoke of tyrannical oppression.

ST. JOHN'S VISIT TO PATMOS



## VII

### ST. JOHN'S VISIT TO PATMOS



T. JOHN was aged when he breathed the air of Patmos. The fire of oratory had mayhap declined in fervor and burned less brightly and furiously than when the rush of youthful aspirations gave it heavenly draft. He had served God and the inhabitants of Ephesus with middle-aged strength and mature wisdom and was now on Patmos. He was there set to preach sermons which will travel around the globe and send out blessings to cycles and preach themselves unto a thousand generations. White hair is not for the rostrum for the most part. Let it wield the pen. This pen-preaching, while it may not seem loud to people near by, may have such penetrating power as to attract attention forty centuries distant.

John had no fear that harm might come to him? Not he! The trial of Christ was on. Many fled. Peter denied. John feared naught, but fearlessly into the court he went. And now this John, the Christian pastor at Ephesus, as fearlessly embarks in company with sailors, and sails toward the rough, inhospitable rocks to which he had been banished by the foes of the faith he preached.

Ephesus was the residence of the proconsul of Asia, and it is altogether likely that he substituted the sentence of banishment for that of death. The Asiarchs and the town

clerk of Ephesus, while not prepared to endorse Christian teachings, nevertheless would not lend their influence to violent measures. And the proconsul was no doubt of the same mind. The burden of probability is suggestive that St. John was not banished by Rome's decree but by Ephesian authority. And nothing indicates that sentinels guarded him or that chains and stocks impeded his free movements on Patmos.

I cannot but think that the church turned out *en masse* to see the pastor off, and I fancy many eyes filled with tears as the vessel sailed away. Some churches are glad when the pastor goes; not so the church at Ephesus.

Of the incidents of St. John's ship voyage to Patmos, we cannot speak. He had enjoyed and suffered during his long life. But suffering had crushed the sweetness from him no more than bruising robs the myrrh of its perfume.

"John is believed to have remained in Jerusalem till the death of Mary, loyally and lovingly fulfilling the charge which the Saviour had imposed on him with his dying breath. When released from this duty, he no doubt went forth like the other apostles to evangelize the world. Lonely islands were in that age favorite places of banishment, and Patmos may well have been used for that purpose by the authorities of Ephesus. What they intended however for evil turned out, through the overrulings of the providence of God, to be for infinite good. Possibly in Ephesus St. John had been working so hard that he had little time to think and no time to write; but, when banished to this solitude, he found ample leisure. So it was when Milton's public life was violently ended by the death of Cromwell, and his outward activity

limited by his blindness, that he brought forth the greatest epic of the world; and it is indirectly to those who kept Bunyan for twelve years in Bedford jail that we owe the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" Stalker says: "Prison literature has greatly enriched mankind, and at the head of all such products we must place the book of Revelation."

"Mnason of Cyprus, an old disciple"; so reads the Book of the Acts. Along two lines it is likely he was old: He was far from the cradle and had lived long with Christ. This two-fold old age is true of the last of the apostles. The inspiration under which he wrote the Revelation can be somewhat measured in its strength and absolute control of the evangelist by the fact that no reference is made to the long-gone days of his youth and companionship with the blessed Master in Judea and Galilee; for it is well known that the old repeat the things of other and earlier days often, and more often think of them. "When I was a boy," grandfather would say to grandmother, or "when I was young"; but not a word of this has crept into this revelation of Patmos. When the Gospel was to be written, the easier task is his to give to future generations an account of what he saw and heard when young. "John was a *competent* witness because he saw what he told, and he was a *faithful* witness because he told what he saw."

Mark well ye, who have a habit of granting ill treatment to those who bow low their heads because of the weight of years, and not of the years alone, but of what they contain. Treat them kindly! the old folks, I mean. Give them the best room, the best chair, the best love. Mark well, I say, ye who read—at each end of the sacred Book

there stands a man with whitened hair ; the guard, if I may so say, at either extremity—Moses there, and Evangelist John here.

From “Seven Churches of Asia,” by Dr. Salmard, I quote : “The first book in our canonical Scriptures is connected with the name of the prophet whom the Lord knew face to face (Deut. 34 : 10). The last is penned by the disciple whom the Lord loved and who lay upon his breast (John 13 : 23). The first tells the story of creation, the last the more wonderful story of the new creation (Rev. 21). The first introduces us to the Garden of Eden, the earthly paradise; the last to the paradise of God. The first tells of the tree of life which grew in the midst of the garden ; in the last we meet the tree of life again in the midst of the holy city, and they who enter have the right to eat of it forever more. Between the two lies the great story of the book ; the story of paradise lost and regained, of life and blessing forfeited by man and restored in far higher measure and more glorious kind, not only *for* man but *by* man (1 Cor. 15 : 22 ; Rom. 5 : 12, 18, 19, 21).” Moses saw the promised land from afar, but John saw heaven by the Spirit, brought near by the blood of Jesus.

In the Gospel John’s age tells well for him ; his natural bent of years has full sway. He lives the joyful, sorrowful, exciting, precious days of youth over again. And note his tenderness : he uses one-third of the space in telling of the sayings and doings of the final twenty-four hours of his Master’s life. Most precious employment this, of telling about one he loved and loves more warmly now, methinks ; for love, not cast in a mold of iron or adamant, hath life and

power to enlarge. With John it was not as with some little, shallow pool fed by a meadow spring, beautiful and good, but never leaving the lowlands of the farm, but rather as with the stream from a spring in the mountain fastness, following on, getting larger and mightier, on, on to the sea.

This Evangelist John begins a new sort of work in his last years. How often the young "lose the present moment in expectation of improving the future"; or rather say, "I have not time," or "Life is too short," thus leaving a mighty work undone. At eighty years of age Cato learned Greek, and learned it well. Was not Plutarch over seventy years old when he took to Latin study? There was Henry Spelman, who in his youth neglected the sciences, but at fifty years cultivated them and produced excellent results. General Fairfax, after having commanded the armies of Parliament, went to Oxford and took his degree in law. Colbert, the famous French minister, almost at sixty returned to his Latin and law studies. Tellier, the chancellor of France, learnt logic merely for amusement, to dispute with his grandchildren. Add to this list the name of Gladstone. But the position of pre-eminence is occupied by the name of John of Patmos.



## PATMOS IN CLASSIC HISTORY



## VIII

### PATMOS IN CLASSIC HISTORY



THREE times only in classic history do we find mention of Patmos before St. John visited it and made it immortal.

In 427 b. c. Thucydides, who came under the influence of that new intellectual world which broke upon Greece in the fifth century before Christ, gives the following, which is the earliest reference extant to this lone *Ægean* island.

The forty ships of the Peloponnesians, which should have gone at once to Mitylene, lost time about the Peloponnes and proceeded very leisurely on their voyage. Mitylene fell before they arrived, and they in haste turned back toward home, for their army was fighting the Athenians. "From Ephesus, Alcides (commander of the Lacedemonian fleet) sailed away in haste, or rather fled; for while he was at anchor near Clarus he had been sighted by the Athenian sacred vessels, Parulus and Salaminia, which happened to be on a voyage from Athens. In fear of pursuit he hurried through the open sea, determined to stop nowhere, if he could help it, until he reached Peloponnesus. News of him and his fleet was brought to Paches (Athenian general) from the country of Erythral, and indeed kept coming in from all sides. For Ionia not being fortified, there was great apprehension lest the Peloponnesians, as they sailed along the

coast, might fall upon the cities and plunder them, even though they had no intention of remaining. And the Parulus and Salaminia reported that they had themselves seen him at Clarus. Paches eagerly gave chase, and pursued him as far as the island of Patmos, but seeing that he was no longer in reach, returned."<sup>1</sup>

In 15 A. D. Strabo, the great geographer of antiquity, who lived during the reign of Augustus and the earlier part of the reign of Tiberius, in his thirteenth book relates how Sardia and other cities, which had suffered severely from earthquakes, had been repaired by Tiberius, the present emperor. "To the Sporades (which means scattered) belong Amorgos, the birthplace of Simonides, the iambic poet; Lebinthus also, and Leria (Leros); Phocylides refers to Leria in these lines :

The Lerians are bad, not some, but all, except Procles ;  
but Procles is a Lerian."

for the Lerians are reputed to have bad dispositions. Near these islands are Patmos and the Corassiæ Islands situated to the west of Icaria, as the latter is with respect to Samos."

Pliny, A. D. 77, in his "Natural History," Book IV., writing two years before his death at the foot of Vesuvius, said : "At a distance of eighty miles from Gyara is Syrnos, then Cynæthus, Telos, noted for its unguents, and by Callimachus called Agathussa; Donusa, Patmos, thirty miles in circumference; Corassiæ, Lebinthus, Leros, Cinara."

Three islands in the Ægean, not far from Patmos, were used by the Roman Emperor for banishment. One of these, Gyara, called Gioura or Jura, was little better than a barren

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<sup>1</sup> Thucydides, III., p. 23. Translated by Jowett.

rock, though inhabited, but so notorious for its poverty, that its mice were said to be able to gnaw through iron. "It was used as a place of banishment under the Roman Emperor, as witness the line of Juvenal :

Dare some deed deserving of the little Gyara and the goal."

As Patmos is not mentioned in the list of penal islands, it is likely it was only used as such by the city of Ephesus. In my note-book is this reference, written on the spot, at anchor : "Island of Rhodes, Friday, July 10 : A goodly number of men have come aboard to sell snuff-boxes, shoes inlaid with pearl, and whips, all made by the prisoners. One old man had some canes and little things inlaid with pearl ; his hair and long beard were white, and he stooped over as one who had had much hard work, and what is harder, much trouble. None bought of him ; the younger men got all the trade. The poor old man looked discouraged ; started down stairs, when he slipped and tumbled to the deck below ; his little store of goods fell out upon the floor ; some one helped him to gather up his things, and the sudden inclination came to me to buy of him some of the goods the prisoners on the island not far from Patmos had made."

John also was old when he was a prisoner on the *Aegean* isle. Classic history failed to make Patmos famous, but a prisoner did more than Thucydides, Strabo, or Pliny ; this banished aged man projected the name of Patmos through nearly twenty centuries by a single stroke of the pen.



## **THE RE-INHABITING OF THE ISLAND**



## IX

### THE RE-INHABITING OF THE ISLAND



RESTES built on Patmos a temple to the honor of "Diana of Scythia," according to the inscription over the door of the library. Orestes was satrap in Sardis, being in charge of the governments of Bithynia, Lydia, Ionia, and Phrygia, and brought about the death of Polycrates the tyrant of Samos, himself being killed by command of Darius about 520 b. c. Whether the island was settled before this is not recorded.

Strabo informs us that the near-by island of Samos was first inhabited by Carienes, and it is likely they were the first to dwell on Patmos. When the island was first inhabited will likely never be known, and how old the island itself is remains uncertain.

This archipelago was referred to in the days of the prophets of the Old Testament as the isles of the Gentiles and the islands of Chittim. That there were many villages, some three temples and strong fortifications, in the days of St. John's visit, is probable. There is nothing to indicate that he endured hard labor in the mines.

It is possible that the island was for a while inhabited by Amazons, but when St. Christodoulos came it was barren and uninhabited, and largely to that may we attribute his selecting it for his monastery.

How often the island has changed its inhabitants we cannot tell. But Christodoulos, who had been worried over the behavior of monks in monasteries he had visited, petitioned the Emperor Alexis Comnenus to grant the then desert island of Patmos for a monastery. Then it was that by Christodoulos taking his wealth and a body of workmen and their families with him, the island was once again settled; but the story goes that the families were located north of the port of La Scala, and were never allowed to cross the strip of sand, because on the south the monastery was built, and it was thought to be wrong for women to come within two miles of the monks' residence. This sounds much like an account I read in a book in the British Museum Library, concerning the monks on Mt. Athos, that demi-island, four days' journey east of Thessalonica. The book was written in 1677. "On the land side there stands erected a great wooden cross, beyond which all women are forbidden to pass, because the Caloir, the only inhabitants of the place, are forbidden all communication with women, as the principal rule of their profession. And for more caution and better security of preserving this rule inviolable, they suffer no other female creature of what kind soever, nor any children, or young men that are beardless, to come within the mount."

There was much expense connected with the re-inhabiting of the island, which was met by the generosity of the emperor, who granted money and much land, that there might be a continuous income for support and repair. A portion of the island of Crete, I am informed, continues to be tributary to the monastery of St. John.

That Christodoulos was driven off by pirates need not indicate that the place became depopulated again. It has probably been continuously inhabited since his day. "The town was recruited by refugees from Constantinople in 1453 and from Crete in 1669, when those places fell into the hands of the Turks."

Within the last three centuries, the population has been decreasing but to what that is due I cannot say. The present inhabitants are all Greeks, except twenty Turks who represent the sultan on the island.



## **THE FEMALE MONASTERY**



## X

### THE FEMALE MONASTERY



FEMALE monastery! It was the hour of the evening devotions when I reached the door of the chapel connected with the cloister. Looking in, I discovered there the good priest Akakios Brazalius, the monk in charge of the monastery of St. Elijah, who showed me much kindness while on the island. He was chanting at the moment I appeared, and turning around, saw me, and motioned me to enter. I stood in a stall by his side, and observed the services with considerable interest. The good women went through the chanting and reading by themselves, but this priest was detailed to perform the incensing and to go behind the screen, where women may not enter, and observe the sacred duties required in that holy place. Almost all of the forty nuns were present. They wore black skirts and black handkerchiefs over their heads. The older ones seemed to be the most enthusiastic in their worship. They bowed very often, crossed themselves with great earnestness, and seemed determined to do as much of whatever they were at in as short a space of time as possible. Concerning their good looks one is reminded of the gentleman who was writing a history of Ireland. In the index was noticed a chapter on snakes. Upon turning to that chapter, it simply said, "There are no snakes in Ireland."

The forty nuns having completed their afternoon devotions were dismissed. But before the services were ended, while the holy father was yet speaking, one of them came and extinguished some of the candles, passing two or three times before him. They seemed to have a very keen sense of economy. The monk of St. Elijah then went with me, and we rapped at the door of the "Fountain of Life," for that is the name of the convent, which name is, by the way, one of the titles of the Virgin Mary. An old nun received me quite cordially. We entered and sat down. The room was bare. The furniture was of hard and not very nicely polished wood. I was only seated for a few minutes when another ancient sister entered and passed some sweets around and some water. I partook of the delicacies and drank the water, and asked some questions which my interpreter hesitated to translate to the priest or to the religious women. They were such a sad-looking, shriveled up set that I was anxious to find out what they lived on, and I was informed that they never ate meat, and so far as I could make out from their general appearance, very seldom ate anything. After making a visit of half an hour, and having learned that the monastery was established by a wealthy monk, and that it is sustained partially by gifts from the monastery of St. John and partially from the labor of the inmates, I was invited to visit the weaving department of the establishment, where the best-looking nun of the whole lot proceeded to show me some bedspreads made by the sisterhood. This using of good looks for business purposes impressed me that Western ideas are getting a start on Patmos. She informed me that they would last a long time, to prove

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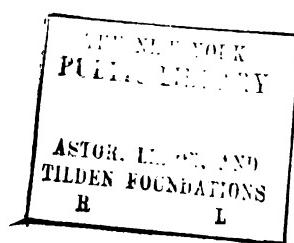
PATMOS FABRICS.

which there was produced a couch-covering which the charming saleslady declared was over twenty years old, and had been in use all the time. It was surely in good condition. I purchased a bedspread; also two or three towels, made by these holy women. She tried to induce me to purchase sufficient to run a small store; but having informed her that I considered myself well supplied, anticipating as I did trouble with the Turkish customs, and after going through with a certain amount of Eastern palaver, I departed.

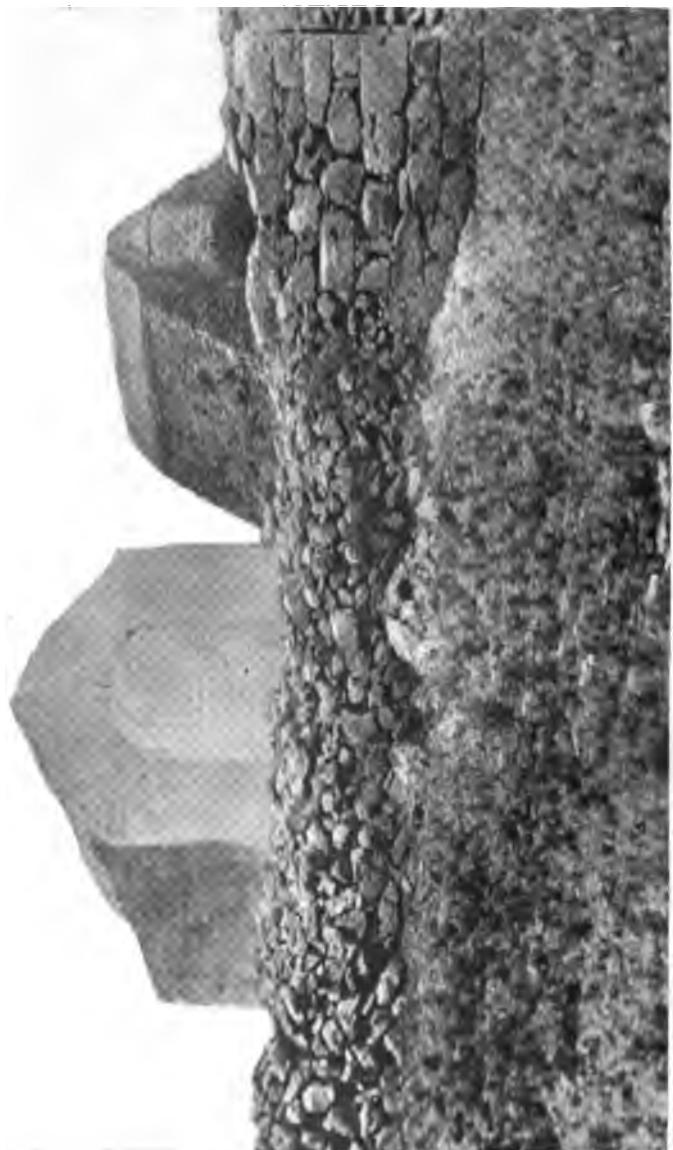
The good priest of St. Elijah then begged of me to go over to his house and make him a call. I went with him and discovered that he lived in one of the most beautiful residences on the island, where I was most cordially received. He likewise had some excellent sweetmeats passed, and the customary glass of water, and then inquired if I would be kind enough to take a photograph of his sister's little child. But when I prepared the camera, and put the cape of an overcoat over my head and proceeded to take aim, I made such an unusual appearance, most unusual to the eyes of a little one on the island of Patmos, that the child became frightened, and assumed such a terrible facial expression that the good father suggested that I delay taking the picture. By and by the sweet little face quieted down, and I quickly took the likeness. This delighted the holy father, and I told him that if it developed into a good picture, I would send him one all the way from the United States of America. Then my interpreter, and my friend the artist, and myself, went down to the semi-circular bay on the west shore of the island to have a bath in the waters of the

Ægean Sea, and also to test the towels which I had just purchased of the merchant nun of the Isles.

As I turned to look back at the female monastery which I had just left, and at the smaller cloister for women that was at my side, I thought, How mistaken these people are. They think that they are doing God great service. I cannot so understand the teaching of the Book, and I was not surprised when informed that the younger women had ceased joining themselves to these convents, but prefer a little whitewashed home of their own, with red geraniums growing about the walls.. This leads me to say that, so far as I could observe, the women on the island of Patmos were energetic, nicely behaved, and almost incessantly occupied in useful employment; and I believe that they are better cared for than their sisters throughout Asia. Some of them, at least, seemed to be held in as high respect as in most civilized lands. They are even permitted to enter the bounds of the monastery of St. John. That was for many centuries prohibited, but as the priests, many of whom live outside the monastery walls, come with their relatives to attend the worship in the largest church on the island, the church of St. John, other women are also admitted. When one remembers that it was St. Christodoulos who forbade his workmen to bring their families; and when they were about to run away permitted them to bring their wives and children, but required them to remain on the north section of the island; and that in his rule over the monks of the monastery he declared that they should not even visit the homes of the workmen, except in company with two other monks, I say, that if he knew that women had gotten down to the middle



TWO OF THE THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOUR CHURCHES.



section of the island, and lived all about the monastery walls, he would want to return and re-assert his rule.

On the same day that I visited the holy sisterhood of the Virgin Mary, a boy was out with a revolver shooting at a piece of rock in a stone wall. The bullet rebounded from the stone fence, and entered the leg of the boy. The doctor was sent for in hot haste—a serious matter! I have not since learned whether the boy has gotten well or not. A few days after I left Patmos the physician supported by the monastery of St. John, who is the father of the artist of Patmos, and the man who so royally entertained me at dinner, was making haste to reach the residence of one who had been taken suddenly ill, when his foot slipped and he was pitched over a precipice. He was taken up and found to be seriously injured. I have been anxious to learn that he has recovered. Thus accidents occur even out in that lone island, which appears to be one of the most secluded places in all the world, and life is quite as uncertain as in some great metropolis with its rush and hurry of the busy inhabitants.

Standing on some one of the seven mountains of Patmos and looking off over the island with its three hundred and sixty-four churches, one is impressed with the absence of steeples, there being not a single turret or spire on the crescent island. This matter of having pinnacles on houses of worship is not to be opposed, if they are put to some good use every hour of the day. I climbed up in one of the steeples of St. Stephen's Church, in Vienna, and found a telegraph instrument and an operator. It is used as a fire lookout by day and by night, and I thought that probably

the minaret was the most useful portion of the entire structure.

There is very little waste in time, money, or material on the island of the Apocalypse. Having tested the towel product, and while clambering up the bed of a dry brook and steep hillsides, as our road leads us right by the "Fountain of Life," let us call to mind a most praiseworthy department of the sisterhood; that is, the training of the girls of the island in the two schools which they conduct for the girls of Patmos. They of course emphasize the religious side of education, but is not that laudable? It is observed the more education a rascal has the more dangerous he becomes, and the greater his ability for doing evil, not only as an individual, but as a leader of others. Religious principles then need to be implanted as well as those of so-called secular education. This not unlikely is one reason why marriage is held in such sacred esteem and morality's standard is highest, where Christianity gives the standard to morality.

The fact of St. John's tender care for Mary, the mother of Jesus, in his own home, no doubt has called the attention of the generations past and present to the importance of an exalted womanhood. Let us not too harshly criticise the forty "old nuns" who say their prayers so fast that an expert can deliver some three hundred and fifty in a day. If their making of counterpanes and towels, if their praying and fasting and teaching, influence the youth to noble self-sacrificing living, then it may be their strange penance-bearing lives have not been in vain. We shall at least consider them as noble as some of the giddy, pleasure-loving butterflies of a Western civilization. On Patmos it is con-

sidered by the women to be noble to do useful work, and unwomanly to be lazy. They are famous for the beautiful products of their knitting needles, and which form important articles of commerce, being exported to many parts of Russia and the Turkish empire.

These nuns also emphasize polite manners, for nowhere in the Levant have I met with such good behavior among children as on this island of sacred associations.



## **HOME LIFE ON PATMOS**



## XI

### HOME LIFE ON PATMOS



N the great Hungarian National Art Gallery in Budapest, on a beautiful Doric pedestal, stands a bronze bust of that most renowned of modern painters, Munkacsy. It occupies a place beside his painting of 1877. This canvas, beside which the bronze bust is placed, is a home scene. It is not placed by the master's masterpiece—Christ before Pilate. You will agree that it is rightly located, by a scene of ordinary home life. We are judged not so much by some master-stroke as by the common things done well. None of the highest peaks begin at the sea-level and reach at once the dizzy height, a solitary mountain. But from amid far-reaching ranges of hills and mountains they stretch their heads upward into the sky, and touch with their cold, lonely summits the clouds of heaven. This Munkacsy soared to a dizzy height, but from his home perch. It was because of divers other paintings wrought well that he could paint a masterpiece more than well.

Opposite to this bust of the artist is one of his paintings of other years, and yonder are larger and brighter ones; but this one of the Hungarian cottage held my eye the longest. In the foreground, and apart from the others, sit a young man and young woman on a bench. His right hand holds her left; something like a spinning wheel is near

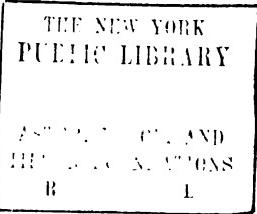
by, and some refreshments are on a heavy old carved table. An elderly man is there, and a woman whose hair has silver threads in it. She is the old man's wife; and the girl is their daughter. However accurate my surmisings may be, it is a homelike picture—this where stands the bronze cast of the great painter.

Let the emphasis be on the home life, for so Christ taught in word and act. He might have come in the chariot which took Elijah to heaven. He could have had twelve legions of angels at the beginning of his life as well as at the close; but he came a child! He went to a marriage to perform his first miracle, and when he was ready to go home, he did not ascend from Nebo, the temple dome, or Calvary, but he went out to Bethany. Our Lord underscored home life from first to last.

What then of the homes of that island where the Christ last appeared in the visions of his servant? I visited several families and observed three marked characteristics—cleanliness, children, and Christian cordiality. Some of the residences are full three stories high, built of stone, and all of them perfectly white on the exterior. The burning of lime is a home industry; hence the popularity of that color, I presume. In some of the houses the most beautiful Turkish rugs are to be seen, and in others old Persian of the most exquisite design; a few have carpets that resemble such as are seen in many a residence in the western hemisphere; rocking-chairs are popular, and one finds some of the old style high-backed seats carved by experts, and after the best patterns; these have been handed down through the generations.



PATMOS WATER JUGS.



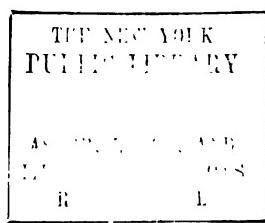
The people have discarded the picturesque costume which was native in Patmos. A half a generation ago, Mr. Bent found a few still clinging to the ancient style. He says: "Janko took us down many dark narrow alleys to visit one of the three old women who still adhere to the picturesque Patmiate costume. Greasy though it was and faded, we could still appreciate its beauty. The petticoat had once been rich red ; the jacket was of black velvet, with looped up sleeves ; on her head she wore a tall erection, called a posin, with a gold embroidered top ; the shoes had once been of white kid, with turned-up toes ; but, like the wearer, the clothes were naught but a reflection of past beauty. She lived in a house consisting of one large room, containing a handsomely carved settee, some fine oak chests, and a richly illumined bed, on which she slept, the sheets of which, though extremely dirty, had valances attached of real Greek lace. The poor old thing was very shy at being thus closely inspected by foreigners, and utterly refused to have her photograph taken for fear we should work magic with it, and she crossed herself vigorously when we asked her if she herself understood anything about the black art. 'It is a sin,' she murmured ; 'the Panagia forbid that I should do such things.'"

I did not find any persons uncleanly, as Mr. Bent indicates that he did. The very opposite with both people and houses is what I am able to testify to. Some wear the Greek raiment, but the majority are attired in the garments of the West. A few carry canes. One is not importuned to give money, for there are no beggars ; all have homes. Philadelphia is said to be a city of homes, but there are pau-

pers ; Patmos is an island of homes, and the statement will bear scrutinizing.

I was invited by the prominent physician of Patmos, Dr. Yorgeos Yohannithes (which name means George, the son of John), to dine with him. There are but two physicians on the island. Dr. Yohannithes receives ten pounds a month from the Monastery of St. John, for which he gives his services to all who ask. Many pay, but those not financially strong receive equal attention with the rich. I accepted his invitation. It was nearly noon when my friend and myself, in company with Evangelos, the son of the surgeon, an Athenian artist of ability, descended from the great monastery along rough narrow streets, walking in the middle, for it was all middle, around sharp corners, under stone arches, for the streets of Phora remind one very much of the dark stone-wall flanked and often stone-arched alleys of the Samaritan quarter of Nablous, the great soap city of Palestine. We finally stopped in a paved court, in front of a door with the four upper panels filled with glass. Some vines and flowers were growing all about, and I was reminded of a cozy entrance to a highland cottage in the Grampian Hills. Evangelos lifted the latch and ushered us into the sitting room, presenting us to his mother, sister, and aunt, we having met the two brothers and the doctor before. One other introduction there was; it was to a fine-looking young man, who was paying unusual attentions to the young lady, and was delightfully devoted to her.

I occupied a rocking-chair, and through an interpreter the conversation ran upon the legends and present condition of Patmos folks. Presently the request for adjourn-





THE PHYSICIAN OF PATMOS AND HIS FAMILY.

ment to the dining room was received. When seated at the table, before beginning to eat, they said these words : "You are welcome to our table ; you are very welcome to sit down with us." It struck me as a very happy thing for them to say. One is probably quite as welcome in other parts of the world to the food provided, of which he has been previously invited to come and partake ; but here one is not only welcome, he is told so. If you have a friend and love him, tell him so.

I am not accustomed to itemize the food set before me and to print the bill of fare after being so delightfully entertained ; but many have asked, "What do they eat on Patmos ?" Hence the following : We had vegetable soup. Then we had beef, macaroni, potatoes, tomatoes, and olives, with excellent biscuit and butter, and jam and coffee ; for dessert there were fantastically shaped bits of cakes, thinner than wafers and as brittle as a burned ginger snap—with all, an excellent dinner. Everything was as clean and nicely served as if from a French *cuisine*. Three times the dishes were changed and a beautiful bouquet of flowers occupied the center of the table.

After dinner the artist drew my portrait, and then all the family came out in the court and stood beside the wall, with a large vase of flowers on one side and creeping vines on the other, and I photographed the happy group of seven. I left, regretting that the time for departure had come, and they giving me a cordial invitation to return.

The people usually retire, except in winter, at 8 P. M., and rise at 6 A. M. I think this is one reason why the inhabitants are healthy, good-natured, and frequently good-

looking. When inquiring about musical instruments, the information was given me that there is only one piano on all Patmos, and a somewhat humorous side to it is that there is nobody who can play it. The chapels have no instrumental music, neither has the monastery, to the best of my knowledge. This absence of musical instruments is in no wise due to the religion of the people.

The children are a jolly sort of folk everywhere, and Patmos breaks not the rule. They play a game called "Take your Place." One will stand against the windowsill, another in a corner, and another at a door-jamb, thus occupying various positions in the house. The one at the door must exchange places with the one at the window, and while all are changing their places, the one who is "it" must quickly stow himself away in somebody's else place. They were all anxious to examine my camera, but with all their mischievous enthusiasm, they always exhibited a gentle and polite behavior. When one of the monks visits a home, the children step up and bow and kiss his hand. I have seen it done, and even to my independent and liberty-loving mind that was beautiful. It seemed to me a better way than the heartless disrespect often shown to the men called of God to be the pastors of his churches, in the land of the Stars and Stripes.

I was one afternoon trying to take a photograph of the four windmills which stand in a row somewhat east of Phora, in the suburbs I should say when speaking to metropolitan dwellers, upon the brow of a hill, a most picturesque sight, when such a crowd of the coming generation of Patmos got around me and in front of me, that I discovered the camera

was taking their heads more than the windmills. I enjoyed the youngsters. When one remembers that they probably never saw such a machine, and that visitors from the United States of America, that great land beyond the western seas, concerning the wealth and energy of whose inhabitants they have learned in the school or from the good monk who has visited New York and Philadelphia, it is only reasonable that their curiosity should be aroused. But then they never took leave of their good manners with it all.

After having come from the land of the Nile, and listening to the Pyramid chorus calling for baksheesh, and hearing that word almost incessantly in the land of the holiest associations, even Palestine, until one's ear-drums were weary of its repetitions, then to visit this Isle of Patmos, and during one's entire stay never hear that word mentioned, was refreshing. Carriage riding is unknown on the island, there being no roads or conveyance. I questioned a son of the doctor : "How many horses are there?" "Five and a half," he quickly answered. "One-half of a horse?" said I. "Yes, two white ones, three red ones, and one red colt," he answered. This may suggest a portion of the book of Revelation, and I had thought myself that there was a strange coincidence; but the colors do not fit, neither does the number of the horses.

Donkeys are used for riding if one has a long journey to take or a holiday. Marriages and weddings are according to the customs which obtain in Greek countries. The love of wife and children, which upon the re-inhabiting of the island compelled Saint Christodoulos to break his rigid rules or lose his workmen, continues to be in evidence.

While there is much in the religious performances of these folks with which I cannot agree, yet there is some of the spirit of Christ permeating the entire island, from the great fortress-monastery down to the humblest fisherman's cottage.

#### CEMETERIES OF PATMOS.

After being in Egypt, the land of mummies and of death, and visiting Palestine and standing outside of St. Stephen's Gate and seeing the tomb of Absalom, flanked with Jewish graves on that side and the Moslem graves on this side of the valley of Jehoshaphat, one is led to look for cemeteries everywhere. Behold, on Patmos not even a tall cypress tree tells of a graveyard near at hand. There is not a cemetery on all Patmos. Mr. John T. Bent, who was on the island some ten years ago, and gives in "Blackwood's Magazine" an account of his visit, describes the burial places of the dead :

"On and around this spot are gathered many little churches, called little monasteries, each belonging to a separate family, and containing the tomb where the departed of each family are allowed to decay, until another member of the same family dies, when they are removed to a charnel-house to make room for the incoming tenant. This system of removing bones in Greece at a given period after burial is truly revolting and productive of many horrid sights ; and if the charnel-house, as happens frequently, is in ruins, the family have an opportunity of viewing their long line of ancestors huddled together in ghastly confusion. We were told with much glee of a great practical joke which had just taken place in one of the charnel-houses. During carnival



A POOR MAN'S GRAVE.

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ASTOR, LENORE, AND  
THEODORE STEPHENS  
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time a band of young men, presumably the fast ones of the island, who had visited foreign countries and grown sceptical concerning ghosts and goblins, collected together in a bone-house, and whenever any one was heard to pass, they rattled the bones around them and sang out in chorus, ‘We were all once gay Pallicari,’ the result being that the women of Patmos were nearly all of them terrified out of their lives.”

Not all the families have a chapel, some only have a “grave,” that is, an arch of stone walled up at the back and open in front, where they bury their dead. I found but few of this kind however, and they quite likely belonged to the poorer families. The churches are not expensive. The stone is on the ground. And although the walls are made heavy at the foundation, they taper up to the roof, to withstand storm and earthquakes; still they are small and last for many generations. Once a year service is held in each “little monastery,” and candles are burned during an entire night—a rather beautiful service; I trust it is not the result of superstition. Some such vigil-night were to be recommended in this age of rush and headlong movements. Let us not forget the dead.

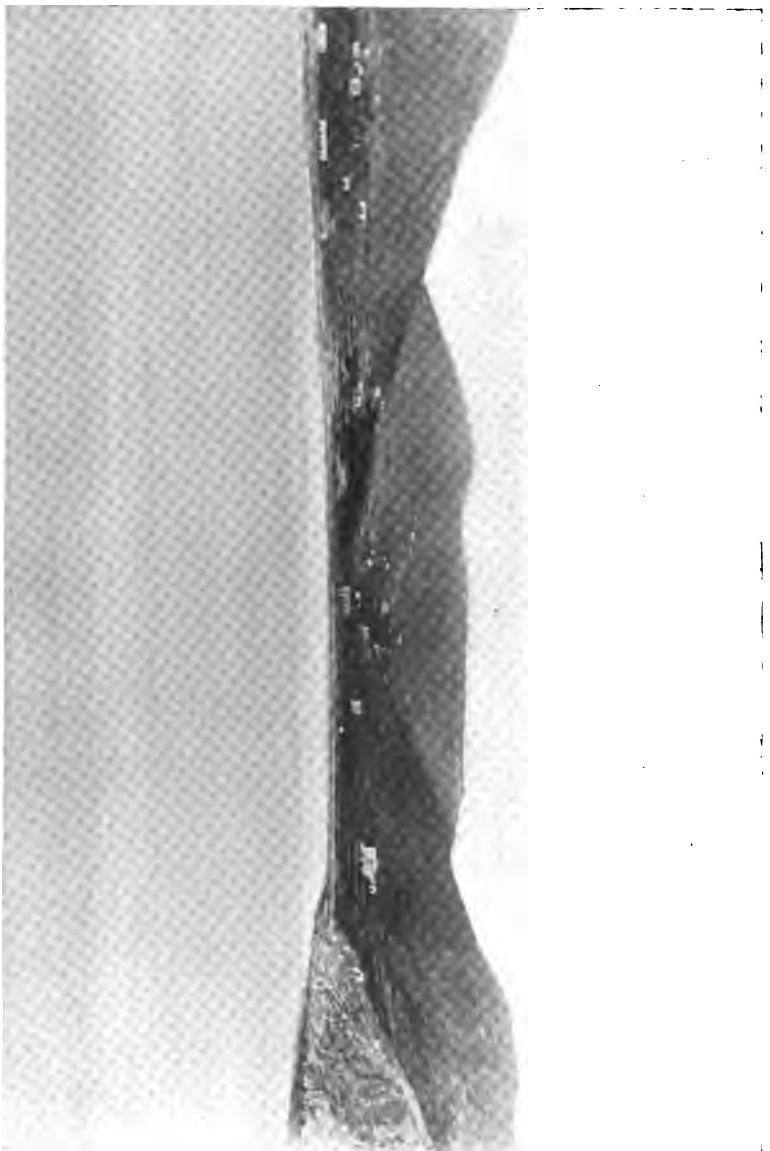
Think when the autumn woods are all aglow.  
Think when the sun is setting!  
Think when the stars are struggling out their light!  
Think when the driving snows enfold the earth in white!  
Think beside the dead!  
Think, man! Think!

#### THE SUMMER RESORT OF PATMOS.

“Would you like to take a little excursion to-day,” said Evangelos Yohannithes one morning just as I had finished

breakfast in the good monk's dining room near the top of the big cloister. "Where shall we go, and how?" I inquired. "By ship to the summer resort of Patmos," he answered. "What! a Long Branch or Brighton Beach out here on this Ægean rock?" I said, heartily laughing. "Come and see," was the response, and off we went. Down to La Scala we hurried and stepped into a small boat. There was a man and his son in charge of the oars and the solitary sail. These Patmos men are bred on the sea and are proverbial as good sailors.

The artist, a missionary, and myself formed the party. We (I refer to the sailor and his son, for I am not an expert at that sort of tacking) tacked around Cape Kuman, sailed past Cape Bambaka, right across Neloyi Bay, and took Panagia Island to leeward, and turning a sharp headland, swung into Cambos Cove. Whereupon a lovely sand beach burst into view, just the place for bathing, with vineyards and gardens reaching from near the water's edge out along the four beautiful glens which come together there. Next to the Garden of Osios, this Kambos is the most beautiful spot on the island. I searched for shells, but in vain. On a hill near by I was surprised to find the pieces of rock had so little weight, and discovered them to be somewhat like pumice stone, very porous, and of a grayish and brownish color. We all took a good swim; that is, the others did. I have never been able to swim with my head above water except in the Dead Sea, where I endured the horrible sensation of not being able to keep my feet down, and yet knowing that all my former efforts to float had been in vain; but I did not sink. After a refreshing bath we had a drink



THE SUMMER RESORT OF PATMOS. KAMBOS BAY.

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of good, cool water. The water was not very clear, however, but excellent, and reminded me of the water one gets to drink in many of the Shetland Islands where peat is abundant. An obliging farmer brought some grapes, and when I learned that a family from Cairo spent their summers here in quietude, it convinced me that they had excellent judgment. How much better here than in the diseased capital of Egypt.

It is not necessary for us geographically to locate a legend. Let some think the miracle which has caused painters to represent St. John with a cup and a serpent protruding was enacted here. We will not dispute; let us have the story. It relates how Aristodemus, a public civil officer of the island, became exasperated when he beheld the miracles wrought by the prisoner John, and desiring that he be shorn of his influence addressed himself to the evangelist in this wise: "Do you desire me to believe in your God also? Accept this trial. Here is a violent poison; take it. If you do not die therefrom, I will become one of your disciples. But that you may fully understand what manner of beverage it is, I will cause it to be swallowed by two condemned criminals; they will immediately die, and you shall drink it after them." The wretch clearly thought to be rid of St. John by that cruel artifice. But the latter accepted the proposition; the two criminals drank the poison and expired. Then the holy apostle took the fatal cup in his turn, armed himself with the sign of the cross, and slowly drank the contents. Some say he revived the two victims and the magistrate was converted.

Returning, we landed at Sapsili Bay, and by walking in

the beds of winter torrents and over the roughest and steepest sort of bridle paths, we arrived at the Convent of St. John just before the gates closed. They close one half-hour after sunset.

PARADISE OF PATMOS.

On the shore of Sekamina Bay, which looks westward, I found a solitary shell. I had searched the shores of Patmos to find sea shells, but all in vain. When riding along the water's edge at the sea of Galilee, I discovered beautiful fantastically shaped shells of divers colors and sizes, but by the coasts of Patmos I found only one. My friend did not even have equal fortune.

This Sekamina Bay has almost a perfect semi-circle of curiously rounded pebbles for a shore. What with the brown shrub-bushes on the gray precipitous rock on the north, loose trachyte and the intermediate space filled in by the green of the "Garden of Paradise" or the "Garden of the Saint," landward it is beautiful. The triple-colored sea, and over all the blue dome of the sky, make a veritable paradise of the garden rich in foliage and freshened by the spring of Osios. This is the most beautiful spot on Patmos. In this Eden-like place are two churches and a few stone houses for the gardeners.

Here is the only spring of water which I saw, and I was informed that it is the only one on the island. According to the tradition told me while in the garden, this patch was set apart by Saint Christodoulos after he had built the monastery, for he said we must have plenty of vegetables to eat. The monks rather made fun of him, for the triangular spot showed little signs of ever becoming fertile. In fact, they

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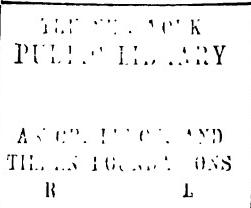
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THE MÓNK'S GARDEN.



THE BEAUTIFUL SEKAMINA BAY.



accused the good Osios of wanting to dislocate and break their bones by requiring them to roll off the rough stones and do much hard work ; but the founder was not to be discouraged. Finally they thought to completely head him off from the apparent wild endeavor to have vegetable land there by proving the inability to water it. Whereupon, according to tradition, the spring came into being after this fashion. St. Christodoulos, having finished the monastery, bethought himself to plant the garden ; he did so, but everything having dried up, the priests laughed at him and tried to dissuade him from the project ; but he insisted that there should be a garden of that sort on the island, and he said that he would continue to work and pray to that end.

Observing that his plants were about to be scorched again, he knelt down upon a rock and prayed for water. He arose a moment, and then prayed again that a spring might burst forth. Again he arose, presently kneeling down a third time upon this outcropping rock and asked that the waters might come, and come at once. Before he had gotten upon his feet, in the very spot where he had thrice knelt, the stone broke and the waters came forth in such a rush that he had to move aside quickly to avoid them, and those waters have continued to come there ever since. This spring is sometimes called the "Well of Osios." The legend can hardly fail to suggest to the Bible student the case of Moses ; the rod, the rock, and the parched and thirsty Israelites gaining needed refreshment. The water is good, but slightly brackish. It is used for irrigating the garden and one sees what is so common in Egypt (Deut. 11 : 10) : "For the land, whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the

land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs."

Fir trees, lemon, poplar, plane trees (or button), orange, and myrtle flourish. Lovely grapes were growing and many vegetables, among them cucumbers and onions. As we started up a beautiful glen which narrows as it leaves the well of Osios, I discovered cacti or prickly pears—not in any great abundance, however—and some olive trees. When visiting Patmos, inspect the Paradise of Patmos.

MOUNT ST. ELIAS



## XII

### MOUNT ST. ELIAS

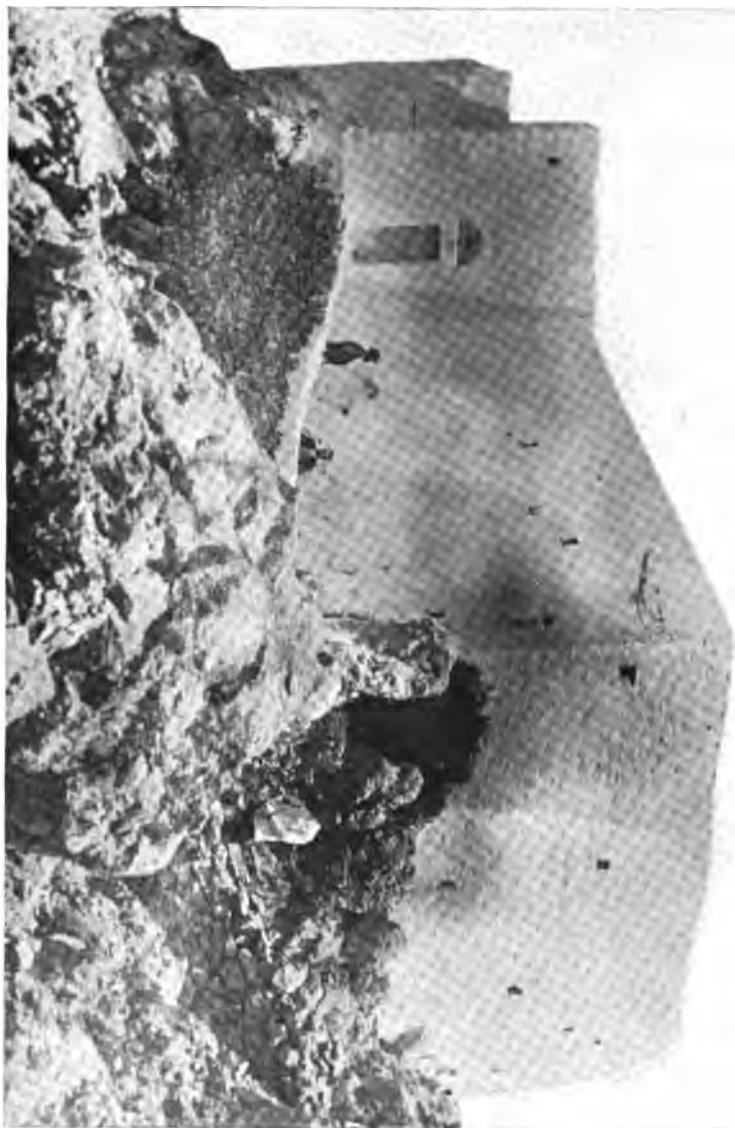


MOUNT ST. ELIAS is just one foot higher than Mount Venupa (Kynops), which lies almost directly south. On the map made by Commander Graves, the height of St. Elias is given as eight hundred and seventy-four feet. Adding to that the height of the monastery crowning the summit, would make it probably thirty feet above any other point on Patmos. The very highest object on the island is a cross which stands on the top of the dome of the church of the Prophet of Fire. I did not learn why this mountain and monastery and church were named after the servant of God who made his trip to heaven in a chariot of flame.

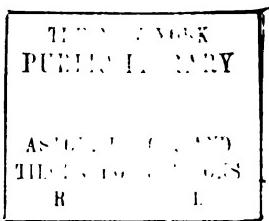
That Elijah delighted in mountain scenery there is no doubt. In 2 Kings 1 : 9, we read, "He sat on the top of a hill." While there he ordered two conflagrations which consumed one hundred and two men. We hear of him in a desert cave on Mount Horeb (1 Kings 19 : 8, etc.). On Mount Carmel the priests of Baal were put to shame and then put to the sword. These three instances furnish suggestions in abundance for a thoughtful mind. Where his chariot ride to heaven began we cannot say; but in 2 Kings 2 we find him traveling toward Mount Nebo in the land of Moab, and whether he arrived at the point where Moses

died before the fiery conveyance reached him there is no way of determining ; but it seems that the privilege of ascending from the promised land was reserved for the Lord Jesus. The other ascents occurred east of Jordan. At the Mount of Transfiguration (Luke 9 : 30), we find that Christ has brought his disciples over the river to the land of promise. I am inclined to believe that the mount, monastery, and church were named in honor of the great prophet because he was present with St. John at the transfiguration. However, there may be some tradition with which I am not familiar, which may have led to the bringing a prophet's name into such prominence on Patmos.

One hot Wednesday in July, it was the middle of the middle Wednesday, we made the ascent. To reach St. Elias from St. John on a midsummer's day invites perspiration. We descended from the great monastery along streets tortuous and steep, on down in the bed of a winter torrent, stopping to rest under small trees, pausing to enjoy the unusual landscape and profit by the views. Then the ascent began over rough stones, between great masses of rock of fantastic forms, patches for vegetables, past several small chapels, zigzagging along, and bringing us at last at the foot of a steep straight stone-paved incline leading to the court door, in fact the only exterior entrance into the monastery of Elijah. Over the door is a cross in black. We found the door locked, and as our loud rapping brought no one to give us admittance, we sat down on the steep pavement in the shade of the massive walls to wait while the physician's young son went for the key. The huge masonry, widest at the foundations, appears to have been built not only to with-



MONASTERY OF SAINT ELIAS.



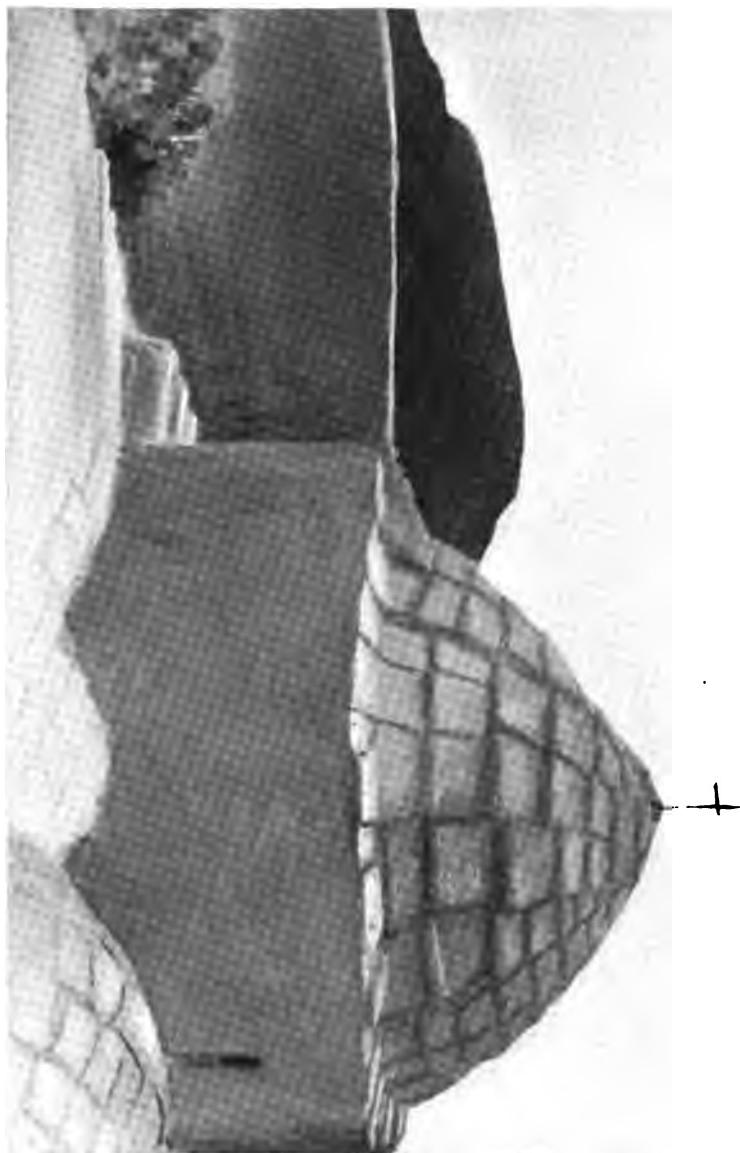
stand the furious storms which sweep across the sea, and to resist robber attack, but even to resist the shocks of earthquakes. Here I had an excellent view of Mount Kynops, and was told how St. John finally, in order to be done with the dark-visaged magician's evil doings, lifted up both hands in the form of a cross, and having prayed, commanded the necromancer in the name of that sign to leave the island. The dark cross over the door of St. Elias faces Mount Kynops.

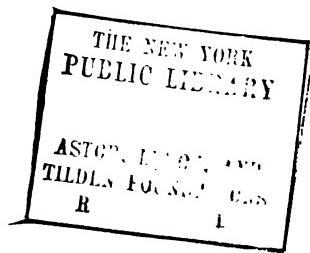
The boy returned without the key. This was one of my first days on Patmos, and having come from Egypt and Syria, where baksheesh is helpful, began to form a too hasty opinion as to the difficulty, and was about to propose that we try again and bait with a "mejidi" or two, when I saw a robed figure coming on donkey back slowly up the rocky way. It was the priest Akakios Brazalius, who is in charge of the entire monastery of St. Elias. I found the monks and people of Patmos very hospitable, and that without mentioning or thinking of pay. It was with difficulty that I could reimburse them even for their entertainment. The holy man began by making profuse apologies for keeping us waiting, and also for having only a limited supply of things with which to regale us. He took us to the highest room, and opening the window let the choice breezes of the *Ægean* sweep through. He drew water from the well in the little flower garden, and put it in an earthen jug and hung it in a window; then coffee was prepared, and we were royally entertained by this sociable and obliging father. He passed us sweets and offered us rakki, but the latter we declined, upon which he apologized for offering it.

He told us that the buildings were erected in 1729 by Neophoris, a wealthy monk from another island. Frequently when sleeping (he always spends the night there just previous to St. Elijah's day) in the highest chamber on Patmos, he thinks he hears some one calling his name and firing off guns. When he arises there is no one to be seen or heard. When his sister was once very sick and about to die, he had a vision wherein he saw St. Elijah standing before him, with that same mantle which he had rolled up and with which he struck the water of Jordan, when it shrunk back out of his way and permitted him to go over to meet the conveyance sent from the New Jerusalem. During the dream he heard the prophet say, "I will help you, I will help you; your sister shall live." She began from that hour to mend, and became entirely recovered. Mr. Brazalius also mentioned a man who lived in Odessa on the Black Sea, who prayed to St. Elijah and the Man of Cherith saved him from death. This Russian sent the two lamps which hang over one end of the couch on which the holy man slumbers when living at this altitude.

The view from the top of the buildings is most entrancing. There, beside the pure white dome with the iron cross on its summit, is the highest point on Patmos; there, beside the belfry arch and the old bell; there, beside the black-robed cheerful priest I stood and looked—now into the garden with its well and flowers, now at Mt. Kynops, now on the monastery of St. John, and now up from the blue sea to the blue above, and felt it one of the greatest privileges of my life. The blue Ægean, stretching out from the shore in all directions, touching classic Greece on one side and the

DOME OF THE MONASTERY OF SAINT ELIAS. HIGHEST POINT ON PATMOS.





coast of Asia on the other, lies bestudded with islands of almost every shape and poetic fame—the fairest sea in all the world !

And that was the view which many a time greeted the eyes of the inspired seer. Looking northward one sees Latmos, Samos, and Icaria ; westward, Myconus and Naxos ; south by east, Leros, Calymnos and Cos, with divers small islands lying all about them. In the garden Brazalius plucked us flowers, and then took us into the church of St. Elias, which very likely stands where once stood a temple to Zeus. This is quite probable, for a palace to the Lord of heaven would be naturally placed on the highest point. This church is of the large class and has a stone dome. The *eikonostasion*, or screen, was of carved wood and covered with gold leaf or gilded with paint. When we left the good man and descended the rough way, he did us the great honor to run the monastery flag up the pole and ring the convent bell. The banner is red with a white cross and a narrow white border all around. The buildings are pure white. This, with the gray rock and the blue sea made them seem more impressive. This monk helped most materially to make my visit to Patmos pleasant ; and while I cannot agree with much that he believes, yet I can admire his sincerity and kindly manner.

There are four heights where I have stood and gazed entranced. Let me name them :

1. The summit of Mt. Wansfell. The beautiful English lake district lies at my feet ; small lakes like silver mirrors are seen in the laps of the mountains. The names of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Matthew Arnold, and Miss Martin-

eau act like golden wands in fairies' hands, bringing up memories as rich to the mind as the wealth of Delhi to the Mogul's exchequer.

2. Beside the flagstaff on the top of the unfinished Great Pyramid of Gizeh. A full moon makes the sands of Egypt glow with a strange unearthly light, suggesting the rolling plains of paradise, and making the Nile a silver serpent lying with head toward the sea. Then rise up the names of Moses, Aaron, Pharaoh, and Napoleon (who became wearied when halfway up and ordered some stones cut out for a resting place—travelers being glad to this day that the Little Corporal made the climb) and occupy the mind.

3. Amid the ruins on the peak of Mt. Nebo. Here one looks over the Dead Sea and the mount of Olives, with the Russian tower on its summit; over the Jordan to Jericho; and northward the flash of white light up in the sky tells of snow on Mt. Hermon, and memories come trooping thick and fast. Moses and his journey to this point of vantage, where natural sight gives rich reward, and heaven's eyesight opens the vista away to the open sea, and then to angel forms and the Great Throne; thoughts such as these throng the mind. Marvelous! Up come these words:

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Moab,  
There lies a lonely grave;  
And no man dug that sepulchre,  
And no man saw it e'er,  
For the angels of God upturned the sod,  
And laid the dead man there.

4. This view from the top of the monastery of St. Elias, on Patmos, and it eclipses them all. Wansfell is beautiful, the Pyramids are grand, Mount Nebo is magnificent, but St. Elijah is sublime !

It has come to me with force, that these two monastery-crowned mountains are well named—the one Elijah and the other John. Shall they not have equal honor? The one was the greatest prophet of the Old Testament, the other the prophet of the New. Did they not both tell of things to come, and were they not both forerunners of Him to whom they both paid homage? And as these mountains unite at their base in the lowly and obscure valley, so are welded together the teachings of the two. John and Elijah clasp hands. The one with the free arm points to the creation of the world, the other points to the new creation. Two prophets of fire, these were. Monk of Mount St. Elijah deem thyself also the guardian of Mount St. John! Priest of the mountains, farewell !



## **PROCHORUS**



## XIII

### PROCHORUS



HERE are a few brief descriptions of the manuscript of Prochorus. Of the writers, many evidently have not seen the manuscript, others had read a French translation of portions of it. I have heard the legends related on the island, have seen the manuscript in the monastery library at Patmos, and also know what a French writer has said. The title of the manuscript is "The Journeys of St. John the Theologian," composed by Prochorus. There is another copy in a monastery on Mount Athos. These parchments are considered authentic by the Greek Church, and held in high esteem on Patmos.

The following is the sense of the writing: After the death of our Saviour Jesus Christ, the apostles assembled in Jerusalem and cast lots as to where they should go to preach the gospel. The lot which fell to St. John directed him to go to Asia Minor. Prochorus, his disciple, went ahead to make ready for the apostle's coming. After an unusually tempestuous voyage, John arrived. The Emperor Domitian sent him and his disciple Prochorus to Patmos as prisoners in banishment. He landed at Phora (now Scala), and made up his mind to start to preach at once. He was received by Myron, whose eldest son, Apollonides, was possessed with the evil spirit. John drove him out, and Myron and his whole

family were converted—even his daughter, who was married to the governor of the island.

From this time John was much annoyed by the priests of the Temple of Apollo, who trembled for their god and their religion. A magician by the name of Kynops, who lived in a cave on the extremity of the island where the evil spirits dwelled, conspired against him. The priests of Apollo urged Kynops to send one of the demons to John, and to bring back to him the soul of the apostle. But John ordered this spirit to leave the island, and never come back again. The spirit obeyed. A second demon sent by Kynops received a similar command from John, and complied. Now the magician sent two at once: the one to attack the man of God, the other to watch the result from a distance, in order to report to his master the things that happened. John gave the attacking demon the same instructions, and the evil spirit left the island; the other returned to the dark cavern and told his master what had happened. Kynops thought St. John not unworthy an attack by himself and all his demons. Now the saint being in the place where he baptized the converts, Kynops alone approached him, and in order to make him ridiculous before the people, bantered him to see who had the greater power. Kynops addresses first a young man and asks him where his father is. "My father is dead," he answered; "he was drowned in a storm." So then Kynops turned to St. John and said: "Bring the father of this young man back from the seas." "I am not come to bring back the dead to life again, but to save the living from perdition," answered John. Upon hearing this Kynops plunges into the water, and brings up a phantom

which resembles the father of that young man. Then he, turning to another, asks : "Have you a son?" "No," answers the man ; "my son has been assassinated." Then Kynops leaped once more into the sea, and returned with two phantoms, one the man's son, the other his murderer. At the sight of these wonders the crowd bowed down before Kynops, and adored him as a god, shouting, "Thou art the great Kynops, and no one on earth is greater than thou."

The sorcerer, full of pride, ridiculed St. John, who simply said : "His power will be at an end." When the crowd heard this, they fell upon John and maltreated him, finally leaving him as dead. "Retire now," Kynops said to the people ; "this night the dogs and eagles will devour the corpse." Prochorus, weeping, removed with his master's body. Suddenly at two o'clock in the night he heard from his master's lips these words: "Prochorus, my son." "Why, are you living, my father?" "Yes; go and tell Myron that I am breathing still." Prochorus went to find Myron, and in telling him these tidings the grief of him and his family turned into joy. They hastened to the spot where John was, and found him praying with bent head in the direction of the east. All together thanked God for his deliverance.

When Kynops heard the next day that John was still alive, he gave orders to bring him before him, to show John the power he had to do still greater marvels than he had done the day before. The apostle was brought to the same place as on the previous day. The crowd again assembled. "Watch me," Kynops said to John; and he plunged into the bay. At this moment the apostle knelt down and prayed to God, and the people heard a great noise in the waters.

The crowd thinking Kynops was returning, waited and watched until they grew tired; but the waves calmed again and Kynops never returned any more. The multitude could not believe that the man who had awakened the dead would himself perish in the sea. For three days and nights they watched the shore, crying and sighing for Kynops to reappear, but in vain; the waves came and went without bringing him back. Thus ends Prochorus' story of Kynops.

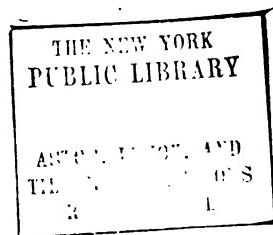
#### THE DEVIL OF PATMOS

The legend lingers with a mighty influence, as this unfolding tale will discover to the peruser. Several times I expressed a desire to visit the ravine of Kynops, for although his body is said to be petrified in the bay of La Scala, yet the superstition declares that his spirit is down in the old iron mines at the southern extremity, boiling pitch. He has been at that business for eighteen centuries, and must have a large stock of tar extract on hand, enough, one would think, to overstock the market.

Finally, my friend the artist said he would try to find us a guide. He called on an old inhabitant, a rather reckless man, and invited him to chaperon us to the spot of Kynops' abode, we offering to furnish donkeys and pay a good round sum to the conductor. While the artist was in the man's house, talking with him about the proposed explorations, behold the wife entered, and upon understanding the drift of the conversation, made strong and at times violent objections to her husband's showing the Yankee where the devil dwells. She reminded him how years ago a venturesome fellow was let down with a rope, and when drawn

MOUNT KYNOPS.





up was found dead, and some other very encouraging and comforting stories, telling how folks had gone crazy because they went near there, and how others, upon presuming to even look at the dark magician's abode, lost their eyesight. But all this at the time seemed to act as did the speech of Francisco Pizarro, who, with his drawn sword having traced a line from east to west on the sand, said : "Friends and comrades, on that side (pointing south) are hunger, toil, nakedness and drenching storm, desertion and death ; on the other side, ease and pleasure.. Choose each man what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south." He stepped over the line. Ruiz the pilot followed, and next came Pedro de Candia, a chevalier from the Greek island of that name, and eleven others.

The wife's tales of hardships, dangers, and death but spurred her husband on ; and finally seeing that she was not strong enough in argument to have him desist from his wild purpose, she told him that if he was determined to be so crazy as to go, he must first ask the monks to bless him and then get a picture of the Virgin Mary and put it under his vest, to keep the evil spirits off. He told the artist he would be on hand at eight the next morning. I was rejoiced. When the clock hands pointed to eight-fifteen the next morning, he had not come. We sent to know the reason for his non-appearance, when we learned that the "better half" had given him no rest all night ; he said, "She made it so warm for me that I could not sleep, and I'm so tired out that I must have rest. Get somebody else."

We held a caucus, and finally decided that as a farewell call on the abbot, the high monk of the monastery, was de-

manded by Eastern etiquette, we would go at once ; and after coffee, sweets, and a good word, ask him to help us.

Gracefully were we received by the "superior," and entertained and refreshed in his high room looking northward across the fair *Ægean Sea*. He offered us *rakki*, the intoxicant made from grape skins, but we refused ; the candy was toothsome however and the Arab cup delicious.

When we told the good old monk of our troubles, he smiled and consoled us by offering to dispatch a messenger for a man who had a splendid reputation for reckless bravery. "The man I shall send for is not afraid of anything," said the abbot with a slight frown and that peculiar nod of the head which usually accompanies the expression, "I've got it," indicating something longed for at length obtained. A deacon hastened away and presently returned with the man ; but when we told him that he was wanted as a guide to accompany us to the residence of *Kynops*, he turned pale ; and the bold and daring seaman said, "What do you want to visit the devil for?" To which answer was given, "We have heard so much about him that we are anxious to see him at home." Whereupon the sailor looked terrified, and told us how he passed by there in a storm, and saw smoke arise, and heard awful, sepulchral noises. I felt much like cudgeling the "salt." We offered him gold, but he steadfastly refused to conduct us to the pitch-boiling establishment.

The holy father explained to us that there is a great precipice, and that the waters wash into a sort of cave, making a weird and frightful noise, and that sometimes brimstone is smelled plainly on that part of the island. We

asked for another man, but the chief monk said, "If the one before us is not brave enough to go, there is none on Patmos."

As the island is of volcanic formation and in the earthquake district, and as iron stone abounds, it is not altogether improbable that a kind of volcanic gas does sometimes arise; but it is most likely a superstition, which has been talked into the present inhabitants from earliest childhood by past generations. So strong the idle fancy was, that I came away without seeing the home of Magician Kynops, otherwise known as the "Devil of Patmos."

One day when the waters were calm, near the chapel of St. John,<sup>1</sup> I was shown in the Port of Scala a submerged rock, which had the form of a man. An inhabitant told me (with a merry twinkle in his eyes), "That is the body of Kynops, the magician, which was transformed into a rock by the prayers of St. John." It is commonly believed, however, as I have said, that the spirit of Kynops is still busy on the southern extremity of the island, boiling pitch or something which makes smoke.

The following are some of the miracles which the manuscript attributes to St. John. While the crowds awaited the return of Kynops on the shore, John recalled three children to life again, and returned them to their parents in full view

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<sup>1</sup>This isolated church stands north of La Scala, upon a rock on the seashore. "It is dedicated to St. John, and is said to mark the place where he first baptized. As he would doubtless have baptized by immersion, and there is no stream in the island in which it would be possible to immerse an adult, it seems probable enough that, if he ever baptized any one in Patmos, he used the sea for the purpose; and there may have been circumstances which made it possible for him to do so at this place, notwithstanding its being close to, if not included in, the ancient city."—*Marquis of Bute*.

of the multitudes, which finally led the people to believe on Jesus Christ and be baptized.

When Domitian's body was taken from the imperial palace, his successor, Emperor Nerva, permitted John to leave his evil (as a Frenchman named it), his banishment. The inhabitants, however, asked him to record the words of Christ in Scripture before he left. He started then upon a visit to all the villages on the island, a sort of farewell call. At one place he healed the son of the priest of Jupiter, and at another town he had to fight against the enchantments of Notianus, a magician. The inhabitants having asked St. John to baptize them, the magician turned the water into blood; but upon the prayer of John it quickly returned to water, and Notianus was made blind. He presently became converted, and after being baptized his sight returned. Whereupon the priests of Apollo conspired to make John's last days on the island unpleasant and unprofitable. The apostle stood before the temple and asked God to help him, when suddenly the building shattered to pieces. The priests then redoubled their fury, and enticed the governor to imprison John, which he did; but Myron got him free. Later on the manuscript says, "John prayed, and the temple of Bacchus broke down and killed the twelve priests who served that god."

John performed many other wonders. (Greek translation of the word.) Having seen that all were converted to Christ, he wanted to return to Ephesus. When this news was spread, all the brothers gathered round him at once, and said with tears in their eyes, "Father, do not leave us now like orphans; we pray thee remain always with thy chil-

dren." John consoled them in saying, "Why do you sigh and lament, and do not know what is right? The Christ himself, in whom you believe, has ordered me in a vision to return to Ephesus, in order to strengthen the weak faith of our brethren there." The brothers, seeing that it was useless to insist on his remaining, said: "We pray thee fervently to give us the contents of the Incarnation and the mystery of Christ in a scripture, that we may rest our faith on that book, that we may become stronger and more faithful in the holy word, and that none of our brothers may return to Satan." "You have learned all that Jesus Christ did in my presence, what the Son of God suffered, for I told it you. Be contented with that, and the Lord will give you eternal life." Having heard these words, they prayed him with tears in their eyes, "We will not let you go till you fulfill our wish." John was vanquished by the abundance of their tears, and said: "Retire, my children, and go to your houses, and with the will of God I will satisfy your earnest desire."

St. John then went a mile from the city, to a cave called "The Rest," which is half-way up the mountain near the present road leading from the port to the large monastery. There is a little mountain near by; in fact there is not much besides mountains and valleys on the whole island. He remained three days on the mount, praying to God to give him his Spirit, that he might give to the others the word. "Go to town and bring paper and ink," he said to Prochorus, his disciple; "but do not tell the brothers where I am." Having come with the materials, John said, "Put the paper and ink down, and go back to the town; in two days re-

turn." Prochorus having returned, found St. John standing and praying. "Take the ink and go to my right hand," said John. At once Prochorus saw a flash of lightning, and heard thunder which made the mountains and the whole island shake, and he fell on his face as dead. John took him up and said, "Write." He then looked up to heaven and said, "In the beginning was the Word."

There is a legend that John remained on Patmos ten years; but as the persecution under Domitian broke out in 93 A. D., and John was exiled the same year; and as Domitian was assassinated September 18, 96 A. D., soon after which the banishment was recalled, the exile seems to have lasted only about two years. I am not certain, however, that the emperor had anything to do with the sending of John to the island. It may have been the doings of the city of Ephesus; but I cannot speak with certainty, since I am not sure that a city possessed the power to banish.

St. Jerome says that the Gospel of St. John was written in Ephesus, to oppose the Nicolaitans, who denied the divinity of Jesus Christ. It seems quite certain that it was written in one or the other of the two places, or possibly it was first written on Patmos, and a copy made at Ephesus.

I am inclined to think that the people of Patmos do not themselves believe that John was buried on the island, for I heard nothing to that effect. One hears more about the acts of Christodoulos than of St. John, which may be due to the lapse of time, which brings the founder of the monastery a thousand years nearer the present inhabitants of the island. Some of the manuscripts, however, speak of the

evangelist's death and ascension to heaven. The legend runs thus : "St. John went out one day, and had his friends dig him a grave. After it was dug he told them it must be deeper. When the additional digging was completed, he climbed down into the grave and put his coat down. He lay upon it with his face upward. He then told his disciples to cover him up with the earth, but they refused. Finally they covered his feet. Then he asked them again, and they threw in enough to cover him up to his chest. They would not cover his head until he had commanded them with authority ; then they did it. Next day they returned, and the grave was empty."

This is a monastery story. After telling of his excellent traits, to end by having him commit suicide, or compelling by some strange power his followers to murder him, is too much for us to accept. Prochorus gives us an extraordinary account of his death, but he says it occurred at Ephesus.

Dean Stanley, who accompanied the Prince of Wales' party, went from Patmos to the site of Ephesus. "The ruins of Ephesus we saw on the evening of the same day. The remains of the theatre, built into the side of Mount Pion, if we people it once again with its furious mob, piled tier above tier, in the face of their beloved Temple of Diana, gives a lovely picture of the outbreak of the Ephesian silversmiths against St. Paul. But there is nothing to recall St. John, except the rock-hewn tomb, called by his name near the summit of the deserted hill ; the grave of the greatest of all the apostles, if we may measure greatness by the divine excellence of the works which bear his name, lies

overgrown with brushwood, and only marked by the broken offerings of a few Greek peasants. It is, if we would choose so to view it, a true emblem of the spiritual elevation of his spirit and of his words above any mere earthly associations of time or place."

## **HERMITS OF PATMOS**



## XIV

### HERMITS OF PATMOS



HE solitary life of hermits has often led them to do extravagant things. (In solitude temptations seem strongest. Was it not so with our Lord?) A learned gentleman in commenting on the statistics of insanity, observed that the majority of the insane come from the farms, and are farmers' wives, who are much alone in emphatically isolated districts. While I am aware of the speech of an eminent English statesman, who said there are three kinds of lies: (1) the ordinary lie; (2) the infernal lie; and (3) statistics, nevertheless the lessons that statistics teach are not to be disregarded. When one finds solitary persons, persons dwelling wholly alone, sleeping on thorns, walking in snow barefooted, or fastening themselves to timber in form of a cross, it is no more than might be expected. I however learned of no wild and semi-insane performances by the hermits of Patmos; but the same kindly and sensible behavior which characterized the inhabitants generally belongs to them.

#### A FEMALE HERMIT.

On the top of the hill which forms the north side of the harbor of La Scala, is a fair garden wherein is situated the

church of All Saints. There is also a hermitage within the enclosure. Here dwelt for many years a female recluse, a hermit nun. Alone this holy woman lived and worked and wept; alone she arose in the depth of night to cross herself under the stone dome of the church, and to chant the prayers and praises of the Greeks. Coming to the edge of the steep hill she could look down upon the poor lepers and their houses, and upon the humble church, all now fallen somewhat to decay. For half a century there have been no lepers on Patmos.

Why dwelt this woman thus apart? like some queen who history says was tired of glitter and show, like a modern lady who, disappointed in affection, keeps dark vigils on a cold stone floor; why? It is lonely enough on Patmos anywhere. The cell is more lonely now. The hermitess is dead.

North of the now uninhabited island of Tragos, which lies protecting Port Griko, is a curious rock, a narrow strip of sand connecting it with the coast. The monks say that men carved and cut this rock in classical times. On the summit is an old well, and leading from it is a sort of ravine, made by chiseling out the rock, to a flight of cut-out stairs to the water's edge. Ascending these stone steps one observes niches, where probably crosses were set up by the hermit who tradition says once made this his home. There are some ruins of a church to the Virgin Mary, with the additional name of "Protection." That is what any one would need living on that hard, lonely spot. The hand of man may have here placed an altar to some heathen god in the days of St. John's banishment.

The recent history of this semi-island indicates a too lively place for a hermit. Nearly twenty-five years ago a terrible thunder-storm struck this portion of the *Ægean* Sea, and made the isle called Patmos tremble like a ship when it has sprung a leak, and the maddened waves pile the water upon it, causing it to settle and shiver in every timber,—when the gamblers leave their game unfinished, and their glasses unemptied, and turn pale faces toward pale faces; when women shriek and faint, as the word is whispered around, “The water is gaining,” and strong men learn to pray,—a night which strikes terror into human hearts by land and sea. That night came a blinding flash of lightning and a terrific crash; the bolt struck this sculptured rock and split and cracked and tore it out of its former shape.

M. Guerin, who visited Patmos about 1850, found there a hermit who had established himself at a place called Thermia. His name was Apollo. This old man had journeyed much in Greece and the archipelago trying to get money for Mount Athos and for a chapel near which he lived. After fifteen years of wandering he came to the island of Patmos and selected the most solitary part. There he located his chapel and built a little hut with a room in it for strangers. He lived there for thirty-five years, and was quite infirm when the Frenchman visited him. He only left his cell to go to the chapel or to work a little in his garden. He had planted all the trees that were about his chapel, and he used the two springs, which were near at hand, one of them being warm and the other cold, to water his vegetable garden. A vine which he planted when he arrived on Patmos had become very large, and in his old age, in the summer time, he

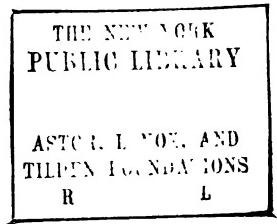
would sit in its shade and meditate. "And Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his vine and under his fig tree, from Dan even to Beer-sheba, all the days of Solomon" (1 Kings 4 : 25).

Patmos, probably because of its isolation, seems to have been quiet when war raged on both sides of the *Ægean*. When the Caicus, Hermus, Cayster, and Meander ran red with human blood, this old man under his vine, a beautiful picture of peace, sat beside the mighty ocean. He went to the chapel twice each day to pray, and had three monks who came and subjected themselves to him, anxious thus to dwell with the holy hermit. He awaited death patiently, and could not understand why the foreigner should come so far to such a lonely spot to examine the old stones and study the dust which other generations had left behind them. But when he was told that St. John was the attraction, then he understood and blessed the visitor in the name of the "Holy Theologian." His life was a repetition of the same acts day by day. Says the visitor: "At nine o'clock he conducted me to my cell and then retired to his own. Toward midnight I heard him arise with the other three monks, and soon I heard their voices united in the chapel; his voice sounded above them all and gave the chant a sweet harmony. I was very much moved in the silence of the night when, at the foot of a solitary mountain, and only a few steps from the sea, whose murmur, an eternal complaint, reached my ears, I heard suddenly four voices, which chanted a prayer in chorus that animated this desert region."

There is a sweet and inspiring spirit about the hermits, which is beautifully illustrated by Culross in his worthy book



MELONI BAY.



entitled, "John whom Jesus Loved," wherein he tells of John Cassian, a hermit of the fifth century, who has helped to preserve the John-like story of the partridge. In his old age the Apostle John used to find pleasure in the attachment of a bird which he had tamed, a partridge. One day, as he had it within his bosom and was gently stroking it, a huntsman suddenly approached, and wondering that one so illustrious should take to such a trivial amusement, he asked : "Art thou John, whose singular renown hath inspired me with a great desire to know thee? How then canst thou occupy thyself with an employment so humble?" The apostle replied, "What is that in thy hand?" He answered, "A bow." "And why dost thou not always carry it bent?" "Because," he answered, "it would in that case lose its strength, and when it was necessary to shoot, it would fail from the too continuous strain." "Then let not this slight and brief relaxation perplex thee," answered the apostle ; "since without it the spirit would flag from the unremitting strain and fail when the call to duty came." Appropriate are the well-known lines :

He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small ;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

"If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" John did live to see Jesus again, and on Patmos. The legends indicate that John was a man among men, and did not live the life of a recluse while in banishment. He had hours of meditation and prayer, but he busied himself

converting the inhabitants and baptizing them in the harbor. It is altogether likely that since the arrival of St. Christodoulos, there has been at least one hermit on the island of Patmos. In the rules Christodoulos issued for the governing of the monastery, provision is made for persons who are anxious to live apart and lead a solitary life. Among other things, they are required to come to the monastery on Saturday and assist in the religious performances on Sunday, and early on Monday morning to take such simple fare as the monastery provided for such persons and return to solitude, being prohibited from eating any other food than that prescribed. So far as I know, the hermit whom I met on Patmos was not subject to any set rules nor did he receive any food assistance directly from the monastery of St. John. We shall have a brief life-story of the present anchoret of the "Isle of Revelation," from his own lips; lips singing, in stormy and sunny days, the praises of God in his lonely cell; lips opening in the heart of a wild night to let out strains of thanksgiving and prayer for the brave fishermen battling with a rough sea, with thoughts of anxious loved ones watching on the shore of Patmos, to gird them for strong endeavor; lips which shall soon be closed beneath the hard earth, as he rests beside the restless sea, awaiting the time when the mighty angel shall descend, and with one foot on the land and one on the sea, uplift his hand and swear that time shall be no more.

Let us hear of

THEOSTESTOS.

Living in the ruins of the once far-famed college of Patmos, living surrounded by decayed walls, dwelling where he

can see none of the beauties of the island, nor his eyes behold the glories of the sea, staying where he can witness neither sunrise nor sunset, rooming in solitude, seldom admitting any one to his presence—behold the hermit of Patmos. These walls, no doubt, were a source of rejoicing to one who would use stone and mortar to shut out even the little life and activity of the island. The monks of Palestine have devised various schemes to assist or compel worship. One cannot enter the Garden of Gethsemane without bowing low the head; the arched entrance in the wall is so arranged that any one entering must at least be somewhat physically humble. The door to the so-called holy sepulchre is constructed in a manner to necessitate not only the bowing of the head, but the bending of the knees. This suggests two legitimate ways of fixing matters. One is, to use the will only at the moment of temptation to resist evil. The other is, to provide in the good and strong moments means to prevent doing wrong in the seasons when inclined to be bad and weak. In every way, the latter plan is commendable. The life of this holy man, whose range of vision is limited by stone and mortar to all but the skyward glance, if written, would read like a romance, reminding one of the strange tales of love and adventure told by the coffee-fires at night on the sand plains of Arabia.

His name is Theostestos, said to mean "Built by God." I had recently seen the monastery of the apocalypse and expressed a wish to visit the hermit. My friend, the artist, went to inquire if he would receive us. After some delay he returned, saying that while the old man was usually quite unwilling to meet people, as he thought he could pursue his

religious course best by not having his attention diverted by contact with human kind ; nevertheless, because I had come from such a far land, he could not be so inhospitable, he said, as to refuse the request. We went and were admitted by a large, partially rotten wooden door in the outer hall of what was once the school, to which the flower and chivalry of Greece and the archipelago had formerly gathered. For more than a century the robed priests had taught hundreds of the youth and promise of the Hellenes, but since freedom from the Turk has been gained by Greece, other schools have arisen and this has been abandoned. The hermit received me cordially. He was dressed in a garment looking somewhat like the coats firemen wear when fighting a conflagration. It was dark-colored, reaching from the shoulders to the feet, and fastened or drawn in around the waist by a piece of rope. It was greasy, and he wears no other garment. His hair and whiskers were long, but he had a kindly and intelligent face. There was a flash in his eyes at times which seemed to tell of other days when he too was in the thick of this world's fight. He bade us enter his little house ; it was a room built in the corner of the large ruin. The room where he lives was eight feet by nine. There was a strong smell of fish ; I searched with my eyes for the cause, and I discovered an octopus spread out on a board nailed to a timber near the roof.

He bade me sit on the solitary chair, the others on boxes. At once he welcomed us by filling a most carefully washed bowl with water and brought it with a glass of sweets and a spoon. We each used the same spoon to take a taste of the syrup, and all drank from the same bowl of

water. After a little while he seemed more at home with us, and talked freely. He was a boy in Thyatira, and had lived on the island for fifteen years. When he came, he located in a dreary, barren spot far away from any one, and had planted a nice garden, but people hearing of it, came to see and talk with him, and wishing to better seclude himself, he retired to the ruin. He told me that the priests in the monastery tried to keep him from coming there, and that he had informed them that if they did not let him come he would go and live with Kynops, the devil. This last argument prevailed. He knew the whole legend of Kynops, and said that all these years he had tried to get some one to go along with him, but that he could not persuade anybody to guide him to the place. "I've given myself to God," he said. "While in the world I found persons who were trying to do good committing sin, and myself too, so I could not think of any other way than to get alone; then I would at least not injure anybody. I am praying that God will forgive me for all my sins and at last take me to heaven." He then spoke most reverently and impressively, saying, "I am going to die, and shall have to appear before God, and now I am thinking about what answer I will give him." That was solemn good sense, surely. I turned around and looked through an open door into a little room, probably four feet by eight feet; there was a small window with iron bars across it, a little stand with an open Bible on it and some candles. This room was his little chapel, and on the window-sill I saw a human skull; there was a cross of blackest black painted on the forehead. I was impressed by it, and resolved to learn, if possible, the history of the original

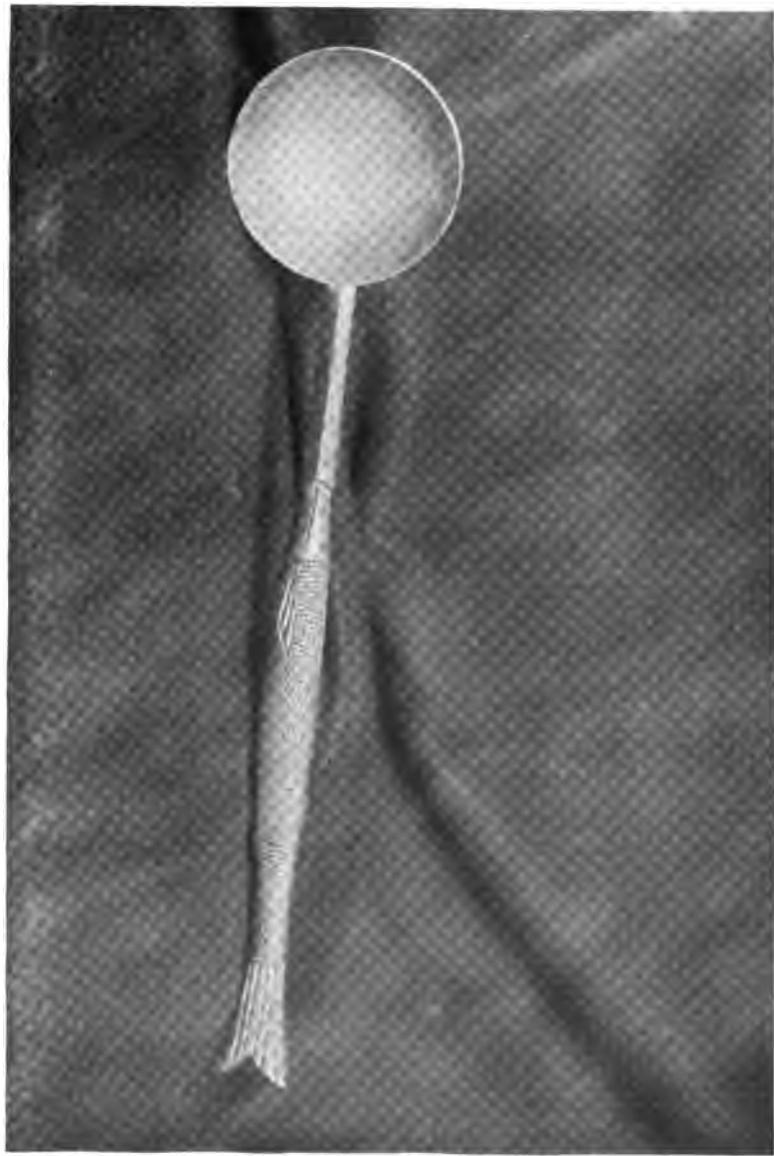
owner of it as well as its present use. On the floor, at my feet, was his rude bed, an old rug, with a box covered with cloth for a pillow. On a wooden peg there hung a circular loaf of bread, with coriander seeds sprinkled on the top. The people supply him with plain food, believing him a holy man. He has a clock which suggested American manufacture.

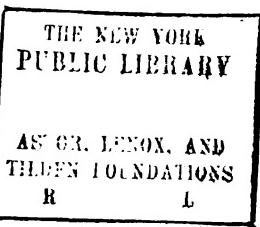
The hermit cures persons of lunacy, the people say, by taking the insane man to live with him, whom he encourages to eat his simple fare, which he finds it agreeable to do because he can get no other. The roots and herbs and other simple food, and the quiet life and kindly manner of the anchorite, I reckon good for persons out of their minds. He takes no pay for what he does, and thus to do him a good turn the relatives of the helped bring food to the Patmos recluse.

He employs his spare time carving large spoons out of wood. The handles are shapen like unto fish or fowls or birds. He gave me one and seemed displeased when I offered him money for it. So I said, "You have been kind to the stranger, giving him something which you have made. I want to make you a present of some money." "Oh then," said he, "if you want to make me a present, you may." He would not grant my request to sit for a photograph. He seemed exceedingly shy whenever that was mentioned.

Pointing to the skull on the window-sill in his little chapel, I asked about it. He said: "I keep it to look at; it tells me how I shall soon be. It makes me humble and bids me prepare for death and what lies beyond death."

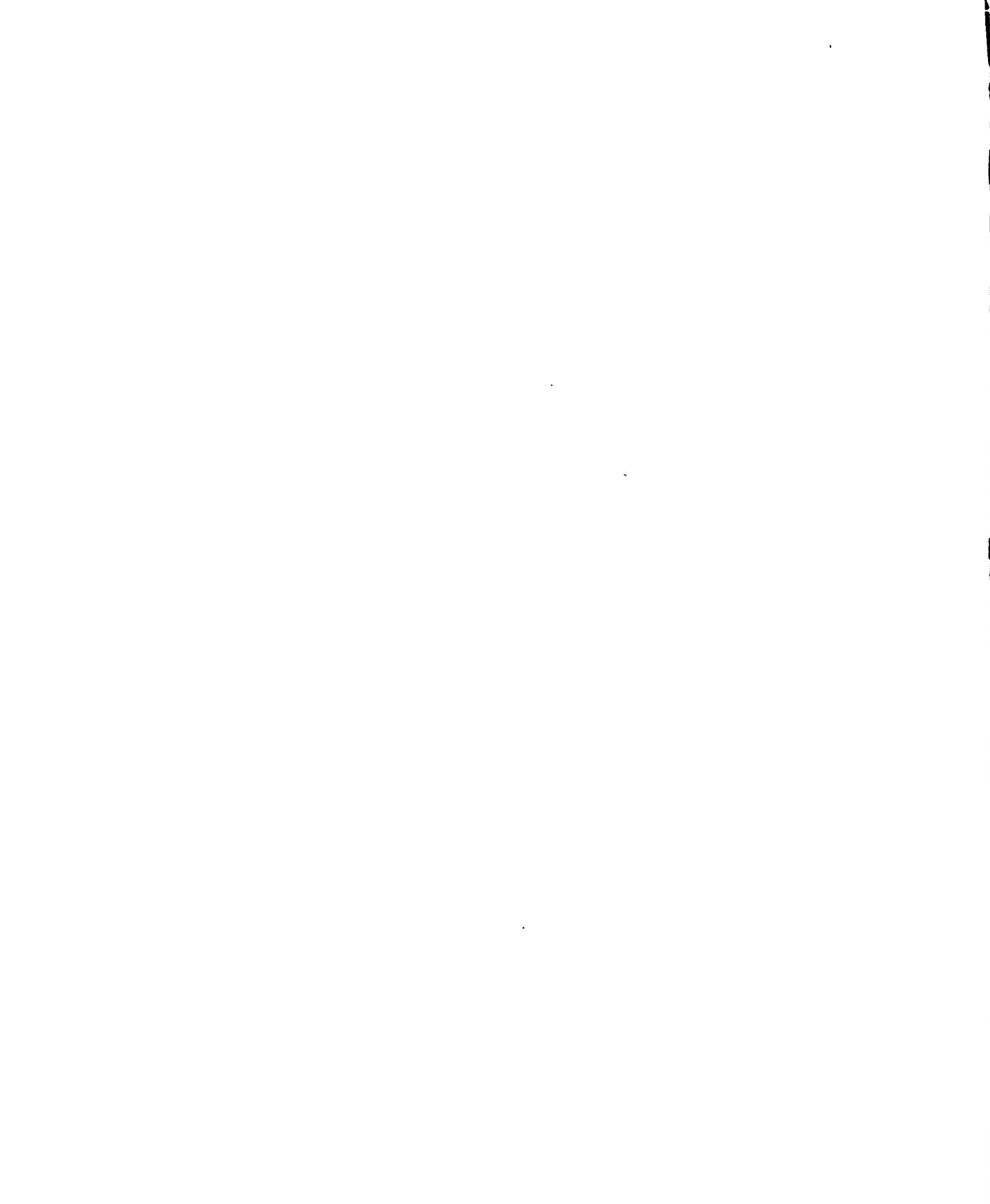
HAND-MADE SPONGE MADE BY THE SOUTHERNS





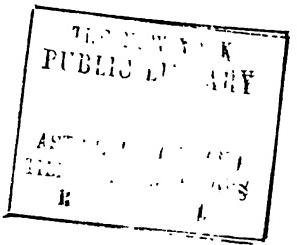
"I knew the man well," he continued, "and have had many a talk with him. He told me how when he was ready to go to Constantinople, a friend asked him to purchase and bring back to the island a mirror. Well, he made the journey, and upon his return he said to the man, 'I've brought you a mirror. Get your friends to come to your house to-morrow evening, and I'll bring it and present it to you.' When the time came and all were assembled and in expectant mood, the traveler stepped in, and removing a skull quickly from his coat, held it before the gaze of the startled and frightened company ; he was silent while they looked at it in amazement. Then he said : 'Here is the mirror. It was once like you ; here grew the beautiful hair, and there the eyes flashed out love or anger. The lips once spoke good words or bad words ; helped men or injured them. Only a little while and you will look like this.'"

I cannot think that God ever intended his children to live apart in hermitages. Everything in the Bible points another way. But although I think him mistaken in his duty, he yet talked more religion than any man I met on the island, and there was a sweet, childlike spirit which was beautiful even amidst such surroundings. When coming away he accompanied me to the door of the ruin and stood there watching us ascend the hill. When part way up I looked back and there the old man stood in the doorway of the decaying college and waved his hand. I answered the salute and shouted, "Hermit of Patmos, farewell !"



## **THE MONASTERY OF THE APOCALYPSE**







STREET SCENE IN LA SCALA.

## XV

### THE MONASTERY OF THE APOCALYPSE



HE name of the village of Patmos, which is located at the wharf, is Scala (port). The city, which lies around the fortress—monastery of St. John—is called Phora (city). The rough road which begins at the village and stretches up to the summit of Mount St. John was built in 1818 A. D., by a wealthy monk whose name was Nectarios. It is badly paved with blocks of trachyte, and the steps were very steep. Dana, in defining trachyte (a Greek word meaning *rough*), says it is a “nearly compact, felspathic, volcanic rock, breaking with a rough surface, and often containing crystals of glassy feldspar, with sometimes hornblende and mica.” The paving stones are evidently not imported, for if I mistake not, there is much such rock to be had in Patmos. During my clambering over rough mountain sides, I took up easily with one hand large pieces of rock which were of lava formation and had comparatively little weight.

Half-way along this monk’s highway, which extends from the quay to the city, is the monastery of the Apocalypse. The road is steep. At one end it is at the sea edge; the other extremity is at the summit of a mountain, seven hundred feet high. The distance between these points is some two miles.

To reach the cave where tradition says St. John wrote the Revelation, it is necessary to leave this constantly ascending path and descend by a bridle track to the monastery yard. There stand the fast-crumbling ruins of the once famous College of Patmos. The roof long since fell in, and the weeds grow where once the choicest of Greek young men studied. This school was founded about 1715 A. D. Its greatest teacher died at the beginning of the nineteenth century, at which time more than two hundred students attended; but in 1856 there were only forty, and now it is inhabited by a solitary man, a patriarchal appearing hermit, the hermit of Patmos, of whom I have already spoken.

I speak again of the suggestive sadness, the weird tale of change, the backward forcing and the forward projecting of the mind which this decaying edifice compels in the thoughtful. There is a ruin on the Scottish border which influences me in like manner. Men call it Melrose Abbey. There too, even in the land of "Auld Lang Syne," the weeds are growing, and little sprigs sprout in the crevices of the wall. It was a fair midsummer's day, as I sat on a moss-covered stone in the old graveyard and talked to the white-haired sexton, who, with coat off, leaned upon his spade, thus resting from his grave-preparing work, to tell me how on a spring day years long since gone he buried a beautiful young girl with fairest hair, near yonder fence, and but recently digging there saw once again those unusual locks. And then he wept! Soon he went to work, making a new grave. A strange sensation comes over one as a grave-digger deepens the trench and himself descends.

The birds flew happily through the ruins of that border abbey, and fed amid the flowers growing on the top of the slowly decaying wall, and paused upon the broken belfry arch to sing a song of joy. Right through the Gothic window where the stained glass once told of love and conflict to the adoring gazers-on of generations now beneath the moss-covered slabs of marble, went the tuneful birds at evening time.

But most sadly beautiful of all is when the setting sun sends his last beams to kiss the flowers growing on the crumbling masonry, and the breezes from off the evening hills sway the bluebells of Scotland, until they do for the eye what the chime in a cathedral tower inside a feudal fortress does for the traveler crossing yon lonely moor as the moon comes up over the Grampian Hills. The belfry arch of old Melrose is broken now, the metal tongue is as still as they who were wont to bid it speak ; but the waving bluebells on the ruin, keeping time to a golden wand in a seraph's pure white hand, ring out a sweeter although a sadder strain.

By impressive Melrose and at the side of the ruined College of Patmos let us linger. So the mind on the Ægean rock wanders back to other days' memories, as pure and beautiful as the waving flowers of the ruins that seem to spring up and out of the past to delight and bless a present generation.

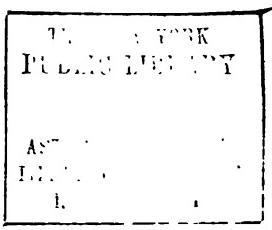
College of Patmos, thy work is not yet done. From the college platform, which in the days of the apostle was midway between the ancient Acropolis and the temple of Artemis (Diana), it is necessary to descend some two-score

steps to reach the twin chapels of St. Anne and St. John. Before one descends he passes the church of St. Nicholas. It has a dome, and was built some hundred years ago. Coming down the forty stone steps I passed the belfry and the church of St. Artemios. This pile, called the Apocalypse, has four churches and some rooms for the keepers. Passing by the tomb of the former masters of the college we enter the church of St. Anne, named after the mother of St. Christodoulos. The church is only eleven feet by nine, and along the outer wall are stalls. On the south side is a canopied throne for the bishop of Samos, who is head over the religious affairs of Patmos; and in his absence the abbot of St. John sits on the throne-chair. Back of the elegant and richly ornamented chair is the church of St. John. This whole side of the church of St. Anne is open into the church or grotto of the Revelation.

Over the *eikonostasion* (or rood-screen) are images of the Virgin Mary and of St. John. Near the screen are two large brass candlesticks. The good lady who showed me through trimmed one of the silver lamps, which are kept burning day and night, year after year. They have little wicks fastened to corks, which float around on the oil like the lamps in the church of the Nativity in Bethlehem. The vestments which the priests wear are beautiful, and a splendid winding-sheet is kept here for the services at the close of the holy week. Having already noticed the heavy projecting rock, we pass under it and are now in the shrine of the last of the apostles. Here is the cave of the Revelation. Here is "The Rest." This is the grotto of the Residence. Tradition has striven to make holy each fissure,



MONASTERY OF THE APOCALYPSE. TRAVELING ON PATMOS.



each ancient water channel, each niche or indentation in the rock, by connecting it with the Gospel of St. John and the Revelation.

This is the church of St. John. A curious chapel is this, with floor of rock, ceiling a crannied vault of rock, altar in a niche of the rock, all rock save the open side into the church of St. Anne. The Marquis of Bute, who is especially rich in church descriptions, in describing in a magazine the cavern of the Revelation, says : "The inner side is of the solid rock. The roof, which is very irregular in height, is of solid rock likewise. In this singular spot a few silver lamps burn day and night before a screen which conceals the altar, itself a mere niche in the rock. These lamps glimmer perpetually upon the sacred picture which occupies the center of the screen, and reaching almost from floor to roof, represents John fallen as dead at the feet of the One who was like unto the Son of Man. This picture serves for that of our Lord which, since the introduction of the *eikonostasion*, is invariably placed next to the holy doors, upon the right hand of the worshiper. In it, on the ground beneath, the apostle is represented lying as a corpse. Above him a halo of angels and sacred emblems enshrine the figure which was like unto the Son of Man. Before the feet of that figure, resting upon earth, flame the seven lamps upon the seven golden candlesticks. At the sides the angels of the seven churches present to the eye of the great High Priest the objects of his sacred care. His right hand holds the seven stars ; his left hand grasps the keys of hell and of death.

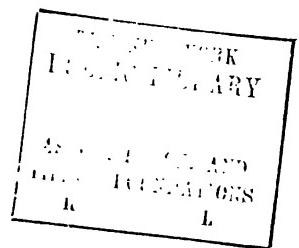
"This picture is executed with great power, the essence of which lies in depth of feeling, Scripture study, and hon-

est obedience to a noble, artistic tradition, and not in any attempt at theatrical effect. Some of the haloes of the symbolic churches are now cased in silver."

I observed a large, flat, silver vessel where all who worship there place a contribution. It was but well, I thought, for me to do the same.

Some years ago I visited Bunker Hill Monument and climbed up its dark, winding, stone stairway. After having enjoyed the view from the top, I descended, and looking about, said to myself: "Let the landscape gardener's work begone; the bits of granite tell where Warren fell, and where other important spots are located; but away with flowers and terraces. Let me see the place the shot from the warships in the harbor plowed up, the broken defenses, and the damage the British did when they wheeled into line and came a double quick up the hill, and musket ball helped cannon ball; show me Bunker Hill with the scars of war!"

In the cave of "The Rest" it came to me how delightful if these four churches were away, that I might stand on the rock floor of the grotto and look down the precipice at my feet to the valley beneath, and to the mountain top crowned as in St. John's day with the temple of Diana. Then sitting down, gaze off and see La Scala and shipping in the harbor; and in imagination, the Acropolis with its heathen temple, the many villages toward the north, and out to sea observe little islands scattered all about, and Mount Mycale in Asia Minor; and then look in and say, This is where the Last Book was written; here appeared the risen and glorified Christ, the altogether lovely, the chiefest among ten thousand, and the bright and morning star.





CHAPEL OF SAINT ANNE. THE CAVE OF THE APOCALYPSE.

I would like to see the cave of the Apocalypse as Evangelist John saw it! It was here in this cave, near enough to the old-time center of population, and yet far enough away for quiet, that legendary history says the two great books were written. Why not here, under this outcropping rock, which is hollowed into a chamber ten feet high, twelve feet deep, and some twenty feet long?

In the monastery library I saw a manuscript written by Nicitas, which gives an account of the writing of the Revelation, and the record is old and interesting. Nicitas says that St. John and himself, after some journeying, reached a grotto with water flowing through it. They tarried there for ten days. John remained without food in solitude and prayer, but he went to town evenings and enjoyed himself, eating with the brethren. When the tenth day arrived, John desired to return to the city, and knelt down and prayed, when he heard a voice say, "John, John!" He asked, "What is it, Lord?" The reply came, "Tarry in the grotto ten days longer, and many great mysteries shall be shown you." Nicitas continues: "So he remained ten days more without food, and finally, in great rapture, he saw and heard marvelous things. Presently an angel from heaven came and explained all things to him. The apostle then told me to bring paper and ink from the city, which I did. Then he told me to write everything he said, and for two days and nights we continued, after which we returned to the town."

This cave is only a mile from the town, but there is a groove, probably made by flowing water. The spring is dead. It is not unlikely that St. John visited this hollow.

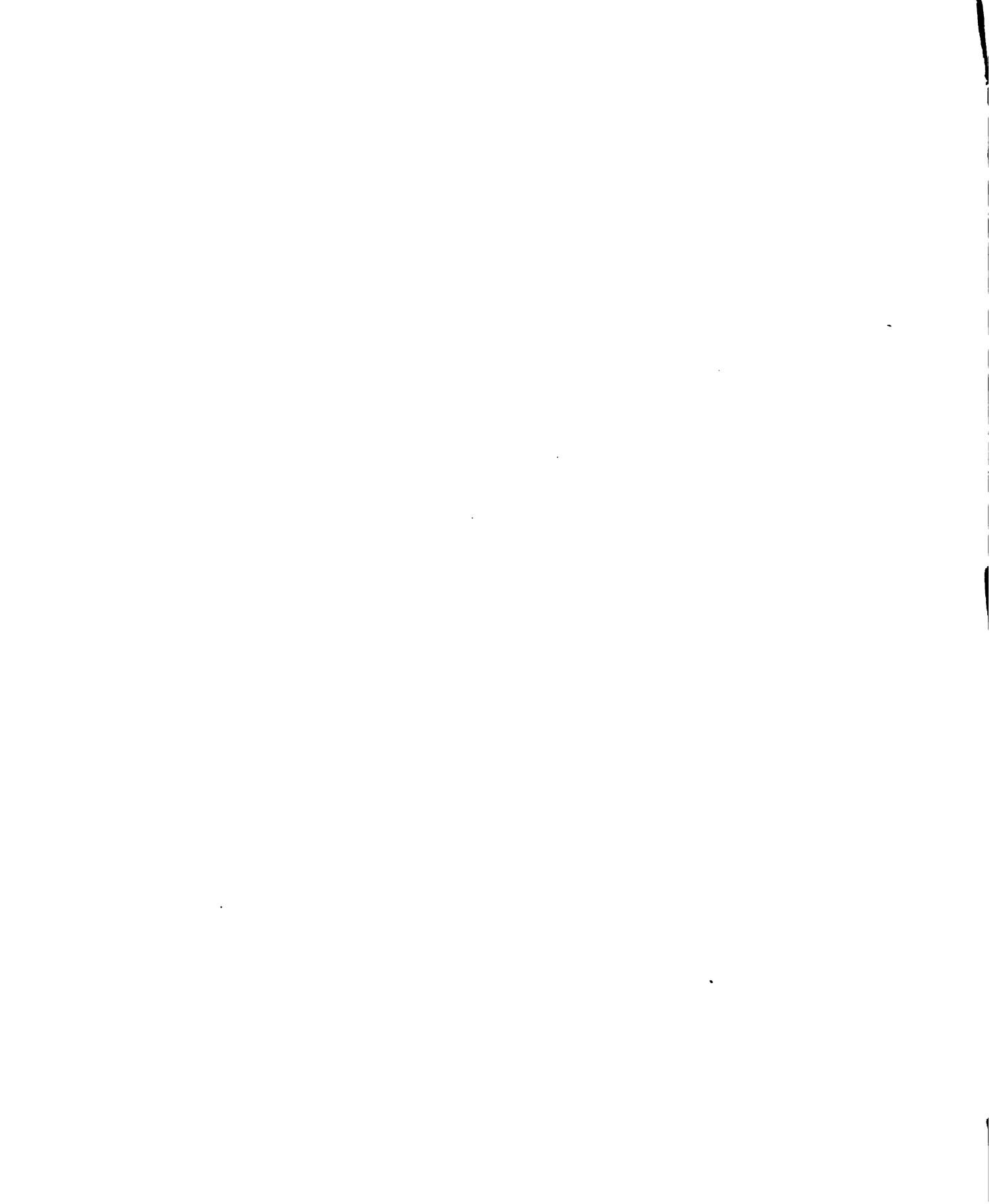
The good woman pointed out a scalloped place where John used to lay his head when he had a mind to slumber, and the niche where he put his hand when kneeling down before a rude cross cut in the rock to pray. A tradition declared that St. John himself chiseled the cross. "There," she said, with her fingers and arms gesturing in true Eastern style, "is the triangular rent in the rock out of which came the voice of the Trinity." Verbal tradition says that the earth shook and the rocks were broken when he said, "I am Alpha and Omega." In one of the two chapels, the one named after the mother of St. Christodoulos, I saw a picture representing Evangelist John dictating the Gospel to Prochorus, and another of the golden candlesticks, but they seemed rude and did not assist me to think more reverently of the holy spot. Maybe those pictures helped somebody. The native woman who is in charge and keeps lamps burning in the cave of the Apocalypse, very pleasantly invited me into the reception room up the stairs, where she offered rakki, the alcoholic drink, and sweetmeats; the latter I took, but as for the intoxicating beverages, I did not find it necessary to use them anywhere in my journeyings, which have been as extensive as those of the average traveler at least. I found it convenient not to use wine nor any such to quench thirst.

Spain, Malta, Egypt and the Nile, Arabia, Palestine, the land of Moab, Bashan, Syria, Cyprus, Rhodes, Asia Minor, Patmos, Turkey, Roumania, Bulgaria, Austria, Hungary, Saxony, Prussia, Holland, Belgium, France, England, Scotland, Ireland, Orkneys, Shetland, Canada, and the United States of America, in none of these countries, States,

or lands, have I found it necessary to use wine or any other alcholic drink whatever. Let the excuses which tourists mention for the giving up of principles when among strangers, begone!

Having purchased a pair of brightly colored hose from the hostess, I retired up the mountain, glad that my lot had been cast for a time in the most famous small island in the world, and the only holy (?) one. It would be an impressive sight to witness the grand procession of the monks, with banners and torches and holy relics, come marching down the great highway, and then zigzag down the steep decline to the cave of the Apocalypse, and keep their vigil and chant their orisons there the entire night before the festival day of the Holy Theologian.

May they not forget the words of the Revelation : " And I fell at his feet to worship him. And he said unto me, See thou do it not : I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren that have the testimony of Jesus : worship God."



## A MEDITATION



## XVI

### A MEDITATION



T. CHRISTODOULOS sought out Patmos and built this vast monastery that he might have a place for holy meditation. And do you hold it unwise in me if I give the brief record written the same night on that lone island in the Icarian Sea when, stealing away from friend and entertainers, I sought out at 9 P. M. the highest point on the monastery of St. John? "He whom Jesus loved" had often enjoyed a moonlight night on that brown isle. And this is what I wrote on that fair and long-to-be-remembered night :

There is time for meditation. There is at my right the merry laughter of children, probably having a last romp on a housetop ere to bed. To my left is the barking of dogs; some belated traveler has stirred them up and mayhap is sorry. They bark at little provocation, I have discovered.

The moon is in its first quarter, but large and bright. Ah! now all is still. The happy children are perchance tucked in their beds and fast asleep. The dogs have ceased to bark. The five windmills, which rather wildly swing their white-sail arms all day, are quiet now. On the round, stone-paved threshing-floor the flail has ceased to fall; the weary worker dreams of rest. The potteries do not smoke,

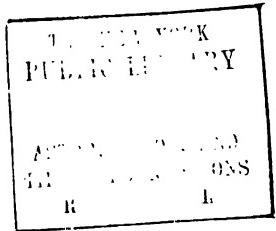
and on the shore the salt works are deserted. Toward the east all is dark, save two islands shining by reflected light. Farther east by north is the circle of the sites of the seven churches of Asia, and farther north is Armenia with its terrible tales of the misrule of the Turk. Dark is the east, and even in the sky above the horizon for a long way there is no star whose light is not lost in gloom. It reminds me of a view on a moonless night from the pyramids in the land of the Nile, when the sands of Sahara are deepening the gloom off toward the Red Sea.

How different toward the west! The moonlight on the Ægean makes a lane of light; the rippling waters give the path a likeness to the highway of some visitant from heaven. Paved with its silver sheen it reaches from the Patmos shore away over the sea to where the heavens join the waters, and leads the imagination onward to the streets of gold that seem to lie beyond. Off toward the west too, along this track of silver, lies my native land, hope of the nations, hope of the world. The light is in the west.

I look again, gathering the while my extra coat about me; for although July is only half gone, a stiff, cool breeze comes off the waters and up the mountain side. Northwest I behold a flash of light, and then again all is gloom; again a light, and again the darkness. Yes; far-off over there the flash of warning comes across the rolling billows, telling the sailor of the half-submerged reef or the dread rocky headland, bidding him beware of the place where the wild waves dash up against the mighty rocks only to be flung off, and falling back in mad, foaming fury, to hurry once again to the attack. That same light at the same time may



PATMOS CHILDREN AT THE ANCIENT WELL.



fling along the waters the news of a safe harbor, and near by a cottage on the shore, where a bright fire and beaming faces, food and sweetest kisses, await the father coming home from the sea.

The Holy Bible has the warning, telling a fearful tale of those who have not heeded its red flash and dashed themselves against the rocks. It tells out the warning, so that all who sail life's seas may know what awaits them if the helm be not quickly put hard aport and their craft headed for the open sea.

But like the light on yonder foam-girded rock, this same Bible tells of home and happiness and heaven. He who was the last to see Jesus face to face, this John of Patmos, the youngest and oldest of the apostles, has told us of a city and of gold. Sacred spot this island is, for it was here the sacred volume was completed. The words which Jesus spake on Calvary, "It is finished," referring to the work of the redemption, were perchance spoken in heaven concerning the Scriptures when the exiled apostle wrote, "Amen!" Alone on the white roof of the ancient building I knelt to pray.

#### THE LAST OF THE THREE.

"Jesus taketh with him Peter and James and John."

Three times "in the volume of the book it is written" that the Master took Peter, James, and John with him. Each reference save one names John, the last of the apostles, last.

*The First Time.* We find these three with Jesus in the

house of the "little daughter." He initiates them into the circle of his close companionship by having them present at his first resurrection service. Blessed privilege, that of seeing the beautiful twelve-year-old maiden, at the Prince's bidding, return to gladden the hearts of her mourning, loving parents. Tremendous miracle! Great power-displaying scene! Christ's word is now known to have authority in other worlds and spirit lands!

*The Second Time.* The mountain of prayer becomes the mountain of glory. This height, is usually named the mount of Transfiguration. Here the "three" of earth see "three" of heaven. The Law was there, the Prophet was there, the Fulfillment of both was there, the Christ! Again the evidence is at hand that he has an operative authority, and communication with other spheres and other times than those in which he then was.

*The Third Time.* The three are in the garden of the Olive Press. This middle garden ; this one lying between the garden of Eden and the garden of Joseph of Arimathaea ; this one lying midway between the garden of Paradise and the garden of the Blessed, has a glory all its own. In all the gardens of the past Satan had admission. The battle which began in the first garden finally ended in the last, and Christ was victorious. Ah! now we are in the sacred precincts of the last twenty-four hours of his life, on the hither side of the seal of the Cæsars. At the beginning, the "threes" were prominent, and also at the close. At the baptismal service in the Jordan the Trinity was present; then came the three temptations ; three scriptures were used by Satan ; three were quoted by our Lord.

## THE LAST THREES.

Thrice he prays, and thrice he leaves his knees to find added sorrow ; for coming a stone's cast he observes them sleeping, and thrice in tones of sadness he addresses them. This is strange beyond measure. Let Peter sleep, let James sleep, but does John sleep now ? "The disciple whom Jesus loved," he asleep ! An angel had to be hurried down from heaven to do what John, the youngest of the apostles, ought to have done, even to minister in consolation, to comfort the blessed Master at this time of the black shadow. This frequency of the "three" in the life of Jesus, and especially prominent in the last day, I shall not attempt to explain. It were not best for us to be wise beyond what is written ; but may it at least arouse us to study the book.

Three times Pontius Pilate said, "I find in him no fault at all." Three times the crowd answered back a demand for his death. Thrice to the judgment seat of Pilate he was brought. Three things were used to mock him—robe, crown of thorns, and a reed. Three were led together to death. "There were also two others, malefactors, led with him to be put to death."

The third hour they crucified him, driving three nails through his flesh. There were three crosses on Calvary's brow that fearful day, and the superscription was written in three languages and hung at his head, while at his feet stood the three Marys. The evangelists say there were three hours of light while he was hanging there and three hours of darkness. This has given a sort of sacred meaning to my watch. When the hand is at nine, I say, That is

where his right hand was nailed ; when it points to twelve, That is where the superscription, written in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, was hung ; and when it points to three o'clock, I say, That is where they nailed his left hand fast ; and in its mighty sweep from nine to twelve to three the semi-circle is described which suggests the bow of promise in the storm-cloud and over the throne in heaven. The hand at nine A. M. seems to point to all the past of his life with the darkness and gloom in it ; and at three o'clock it seems to point to all that lies beyond the cross, to glory, and in this direction John of Patmos looked.

Three times on the accursed tree he talks with God ; three times speaks to the people.

Three religious parties mock him in the place of the skull—priests, scribes, elders. Three seculars mock him too—rulers, soldiers, robbers.

He was pierced by three things—nails, spear, thorns. Three liquids touched his body—vinegar, water, blood. Three prominent and wealthy men were interested in his “descent from the cross”—Pilate, Joseph of Arimathea, and Nicodemus.

#### CHRIST GLORIFIED.

Cathedrals palatial ! Cathedrals magnificent ! All erected on a ground plan representing a perfect cross. Whatever may be the roofward fashion of that structure, its architectural finish in pillars, columns, and stately work, its foundation lies along two straight lines which cross each other. Likewise the foundation of that impregnable fortress, the religion of Jesus Christ, is in the form of a cross ; and

while the modified expression of the foundation prevails throughout, nevertheless there is somewhat that is grander and more heavenly in the upper structure. We are taught by the Lord's visit to the island of Patmos that he does not wish us to live in the more or less dark, damp, cheerless, cold substructure ; else why the fair and sublime fabric which rises upon and above the foundation ? He would have us live up high, even in the towers and domes of Christian experience, where we can observe more because we can see farther—the atmosphere being purer, and the opportunity for enlargement and Christian growth more extensive, and where the glory is greater. In short, we worship the living Christ, the glorified Saviour, and ascended Redeemer.

In the crypt of the splendid cathedral of St. Paul's, in the center of metropolitan London, with its dome reaching far above the tallest public buildings and mercantile palaces of that great city—in the crypt, I say, down beneath that magnificent dome, lie the mortal remains of the Iron Duke of Wellington, and of Nelson, who was as great by sea as the victor of Waterloo was by land. This cathedral stands upon a foundation laid out in the form of a cross. And while it may be well for us to descend into that dark, chill place and stand beside the dust of England's great military chieftains, yet who would dream of spending his life there, or of spending very much of his life there beside the dead ? Where is the man who would not naturally go up the stairs, as far up as where the grand organ sounds, and where the bright illumination is, and the thronging of the people filled with life, and where are the preaching and the singing and the beautiful decorations of festive days ? And are there not

many who would rise above this even, and would climb up into the vast dome where, in the early morning, before smoke has formed and fog from the vast city of the Thames has risen, and look over the capital of the British empire? In that exalted position, high up in the massive dome, enjoying the great tones and undertones of the mighty organ, catching the sweetest whispers from that choral choir, hearing a sermon preached by England's greatest orator, marking the surging throngs as they pass in and out; and at the same time, because of that exalted position, looking over the city with a horizon not limited, as is that of the people in the street, by the brick and mortar and stone that are all about them, but being free to gaze as far as human vision can look, this is life indeed. This last, I say, is the thought of Patmos. It is to think of the crucified Christ, of his death, and the mighty earth trembling, sun darkening and grave opening; and then to see him after the resurrection, when the tomb has become unsealed and he has passed the Roman guards and met Mary in the garden. Again I say, the first is to be down in the crypt beside the mighty dead in St. Paul's; the second is to be on the floor of that cathedral; but Patmos would bid us climb to the utmost height and meet and associate with the ascended Redeemer. Bossuet says: "The apocalypse is the gospel of Jesus Christ resuscitated, beginning to exercise the almighty power which his Father has given him in heaven and upon earth."

One-third of the Gospel of St. John tells of the death of the Lamb of God, but all the book of Revelation tells of him glorified. Blessed story, that of the garden of Gethsemane, where he trod the wine-press alone, and that of the

trial and journey to Calvary ; and that of the stranger's work, Simon of Cyrene, done that day in loving service for Jesus Christ. That act shines out like the evening star at sunset. And Calvary ! I have no adjective to put before that word Calvary. In its naked simplicity it has greater force. And so I say—Calvary. John did well the loving service of recording the Lord's last words. But here he tells of the risen, living Saviour. This is the last book God would leave with us, and it leaves us with Jesus alive.

The Christ, after his ascension, appeared three times, and each time to an individual man ; twice when the man was in company with others—once the companions were friends, once they were foes—once to the man alone.

Jesus appeared to Saul journeying toward the place where Cain committed the first murder. Saul, was he not on the same business ? Saul's retinue was with him. Once to Stephen when he was surrounded with enemies ; and once and last to John on the isle hard by the sea of Athens. But each time he appeared in glory—not as Jesus of Calvary, but as Christ of Paradise. He is not naked now. He is garmented in a flowing robe and a golden girdle. He is not now a malefactor. He is the King. He wears the crown. I would not have you think of Jesus dying on the cross any less than you do ; but I would have you think of him as living and on the throne of the universe more. “He ever liveth to make intercession for us.”

Here is John's description of Jesus as seen on Patmos ; and even the great glory of the transfiguration pales in its light as a tallow dip when at noon-time there are no clouds : “And in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like

unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow ; and his eyes were as a flame of fire ; and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace ; and his voice as the sound of many waters. And he had in his right hand seven stars : and out of his mouth went a sharp twoedged sword : and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength."

In Farrar's "Life of Christ as Represented in Art," is the following quotation from the great Italian poet, philosopher, and monk, Campanella. Read reverently. Remember that a monk wrote it. It was a protest against the worshiping of a dead Christ :

If Christ was only three hours crucified,  
After few years of toil and misery,  
Which for mankind he suffered willingly,  
While heaven was won forever when he died,  
Why should he still be shown on every side  
Painted and preached in nought but agony,  
Whose pains were light, matched with his victory?  
Why rather speak and write not of the realm  
He holds in heaven, and soon will hold below,  
Unto the praise and glory of his name?  
Ah, foolish crowd ! this world's thick vapor whelms  
Your eyes unworthy of that glorious show,  
Blind to his splendor, bent upon his shame.

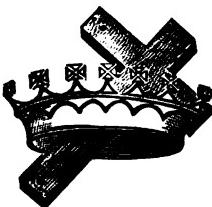
Patmos thou art the mighty proof of a risen Saviour.

In the dim light of the old Antwerp Cathedral stood a hard, reckless man gazing intently at Rubens' masterpiece, "The Descent from the Cross." As the poor fellow looked,

he fell upon his knees and wept. Time fled, and yet he knew it not ; twilight was settling over the Belgian city, but he continued kneeling, weeping, enraptured. A priest finally came, and laying a hand on the shoulder of the man, found him trembling with emotion, and said : "Sir, go out now, we must clear the cathedral." The rough man turned, and with face wet with tears and a look of amazement, said : "I cannot go, sir, till they get him down."

Soul ! Remain at the cross until they get him down ! Tarry beside the grave of Joseph of Arimathea until he comes forth ! Stay on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives until he ascends to the Father ! Then visit Patmos.

Worship Christ glorified.



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JAN 28 1954



